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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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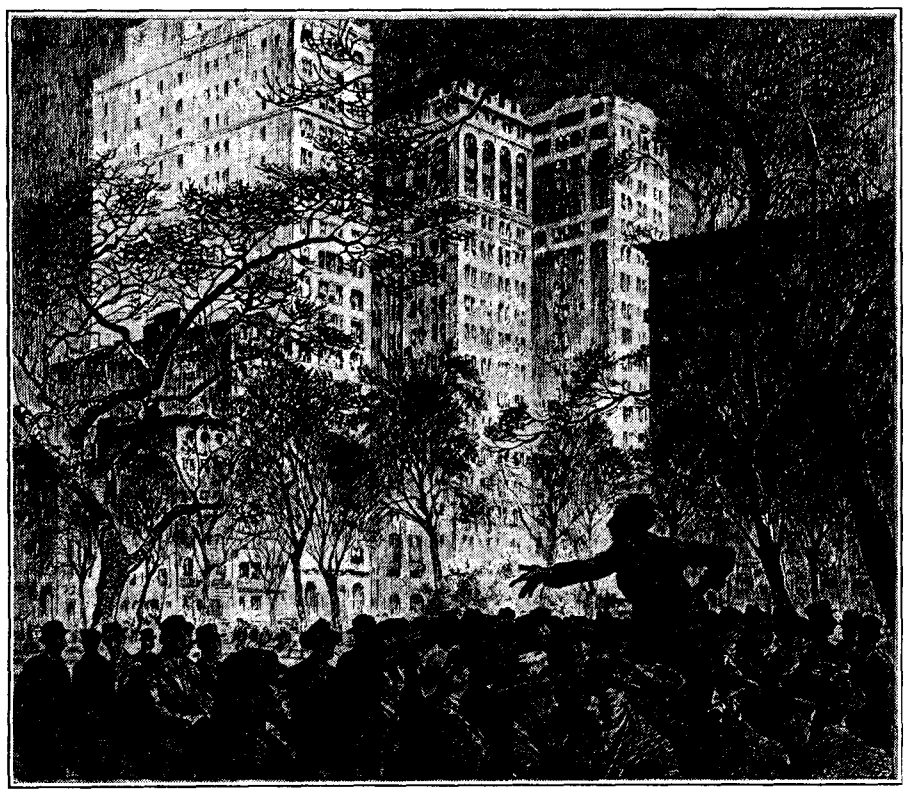

THE MARXIST HERO—THE PEOPLE

Leisure and Books

LEISURE (so both the optimists and the philosophers of the machine age predict) is to be our next problem; not the enforced leisure which so many have been tasting with crooked mouths this past six months, but a planned leisure, made possible and necessary by the efficiency of labor-saving devices, and to become a menace or a blessing according to the ability of man to control his own destinies. Leisure is the theme of a provocative book shortly to appear from the fruitful brain of the British economist, Delisle Burns, and in that discussion of how to use leisure, one statement is made with convincing argument, that already, as a result of the intensity of modern life, streams of tired workers seek daily refreshment in the new leisure which the brevity of the working day gives them, refreshment and renewal either in excitement or in peace.

The movies, sports, the radio stir-'em-up, the highly spiced newspaper, are devices for excitement. Music, rest, most of all the country, the woods, the mountains toward which in Europe, and, to a far greater extent than is generally realized, here in our industrialized sections, multitudes move in ever-increasing streams which spread from every subway end and auto road into the relaxation of space and quiet and sturdy movement, these represent the search for peace, that peace of balanced and harmonious energies which is so different from dulness. No one who has not walked through Palisades Park on a Sunday, or watched the mountain paths of Austria alive with young figures, can realize the force of this search for a dynamic peace.

But in any balanced civilization leisure will inevitably turn to books, and here the significance of Mr. Burns's classification is obvious. Already one can see the powerful effects of industrialism upon reading. Never in any earlier period have so many books been written whose purpose is solely excitement. The detective story, philosophically considered, is nothing but a patented device for making leisure exciting. So is the scandalous memoir, so is the debunking biography and the mirror of business or politics. So is the erotic and flippant novel of society, so is the melodrama of fortune and love. But this powerful urge to excite has affected serious literature also. The modernism of John dos Passos's "1919" is not simply an experiment in new ways of telling a story; it is a definite attempt to make the epic of modern America exciting to the senses, and the tricks from radio and moving picture which he uses, the vigorous colloquialism, the curses and the smut are all pepper and spices on the plain bread of realism. Poetry has been tingling with excitement ever since Vachel Lindsay sluiced revivalism into verse. But to carry this analysis as far as it might go would require an essay.

Our purpose here is rather to note that the literature of peace has not been equally cultivated, although its place and need in the problem of leisure is equally great. Our authors (or our publishers) have assumed that the new leisure asks for escape as well as excitement, but the escape they think of is an escape into sentiment or romance. Right enough, but

(*Continued on page* 106)

The Maniac

By HAROLD VINAL

"HE has escaped" they cried. The autumn rang
With fanfare suddenly, among the gold
Of crumbling glory a shrill bugle sang,
Plumes tossed and whips snapped loudly in the cold.
A crowd of frenzied huntsmen beat the dust
And mothers clutched their children, there was sound
Of doors snarled to, against an ancient rust,
The dead leaves fell unnoticed to the ground.

The woods were eerie and a wind was heard
Moaning across the bleak bogs and the eaves,
They did not see where the dead aspens stirred
A little man, bending among the leaves,
A gentle fiend, the madness in his eyes
Only the blue reflection of the skies.

A Marxist America

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE history of the United States has been rewritten almost annually since the turn of the century, and now it is the turn of American literature. Parrington, in a work which has already become a landmark, attacked the New England historians of orthodoxy, federalism, and respectability, and established a democratic theory of the American mind. Mr. Lewisohn, adopting the convenient theory that in America true literature is a struggle against Puritanism, published this year a challenging book which delighted the anti-Puritans, was rich in sound and brilliant estimates of individual writers, especially among the moderns, but was, nevertheless, largely a history of what Mr. Lewisohn thought American literature ought to have been. He established a shibboleth and slaughtered all who did not pronounce American English in his fashion. Before this, the research scholars had discovered American literature and were applying to our literary history the same tireless investigation which has uncovered Chaucer's sources and laid bare the grammar of Donne and the stagecraft of Shakespeare. They have added already a mass of authentic fact to the knowledge of our literary past, and, if they have contributed little to criticism and appreciation, they have opened trails in every direction over which critic and historian can securely explore.

But we need more Parringtons. The American period is no eighteenth century France or Roman Republic where what it all meant for humanity is reasonably clear and new facts spaded up by the investigator can be easily assimilated into hypotheses long forming. It is so clear now that a crisis in American affairs—moral, economic, and spiritual, as well as merely financial—is in being, that it has become doubly important to understand what was the nature and direction of the road we came by. Thus the need to interpret American life and literature is obvious, and the temptation to reinterpret it in terms of any new concept that happens to seem vital today is irresistible. The class struggle, Marxism, with communism as a long foreordained goal, was so obvious a method that if no one had done it for us some foreigner would have been sure to apply its ideology to our history. It is fortunate that the first comprehensive book in which the attempt is made to look at America as Marx would have seen it, is neither radical propaganda nor fanatic argument, but a scholarly, documented study of American literary history by a man who has drawn his evidence from knowledge, even though his premises are often based upon the winds of doctrine.

Not that Mr. Calverton's "Liberation of American Literature" is always right in its special estimates, or sound in the inductions which lead to them. I think he is often misled in the former, and fantastically wrong in the latter. Yet the Marxian spectacles through which he sees American literary history enlarge the field even when they falsify the perspective, and, like colored glass, bring out qualities not hitherto appreciated. The literature of the West, for example, gains signifi-

cance under his analysis; it is only when he encounters the more complex forms of esthetic achievement, in Emerson, in Thoreau, in Melville, in Hawthorne, that the reader's tongue grates upon straw.

American social history is not so simple in Mr. Calverton's eyes as a brief analysis of his thesis will seem to make it—but he does oversimplify life precisely as Russian materialism oversimplifies it. America was settled and steadily migrated to, he maintains, by the petty bourgeosie, that lower middle class of have nots which left home only because it had to and not because it would, in search of an economic security which would enable it to rise to the level of the haves which oppressed it. And no sooner had the petty bourgeoisie arrived here, fortified their individualism by the opportunities of a new land, and safeguarded it by the taboos and the discipline of religion, than it split once more into haves and have nots, and the struggle began again, sharpening this time into a conflict between East and West—a conflict between individualism stressing the right to have, and property emphasizing the right to hold, a conflict of aspiration against privilege. The proletariat did not count in American society. The aristocracy did not count, for there was none in the North, and in the South it was a pseudo-aristocracy, parvenus who were upper middle class, veneered by autocratic power but still bourgeois in their desires and immune to culture. Hence the Great Struggle which makes American literature as it makes American history (and it is notable that the American writers who were not aware of this struggle —Poe, Irving, Henry James—Mr. Calverton passes over as rapidly as posible) was between the petty bourgeois ideal which stressed a rugged individualism, sanctioned by religion and stiffened by a narrow moral code, and the dark powers of property. Against property, privilege, and the upper middle class the petty bourgeoisie in successive millions has vainly lashed, until by the turn of the twentieth century it was crushed into an innocu-

* THE LIBERATION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By V. F. CALVERTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932.

This Week

"THE LIFE OF DOSTOIEVSKY."
Reviewed by MANYA GORDON.
"ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.
"A BROKEN JOURNEY."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.
"THE CASE IS ALTERED."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.
"NUR MAHAL."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.
"BROKEN HOUSE."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.
"THICKER THAN WATER."
Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE.
"CAN MAN BE CIVILIZED?"
Reviewed by JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE.
"SONS OF THE WILD JACKASS."
Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS.
HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

WHAT THE PRESIDENT READS.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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ousness which the outbursts of a Democratic convention or the threats of the bankrupt farmers merely make obvious. This is the reality of American literature, which swings through an economic cycle of which the next curve is already manifest. Individualism lies dying before the dragon, collectivism rises, and the true American at last sees the cause of all his ills. "The problems that face our writers today . . . are problems which spring out of the need to interpret a country which has never been interpreted genuinely and truthfully in the past. It is to the fulfilment of that end that the work of John Dos Passos, Michael Gold, Thomas Wolfe, Edwin Seaver, Charles Yale Harrison, Lester Cohen, Agnes Smedley, Louis Colman, Horace Gregory, and a score of younger writers is already dedicated.

Alas, poor Yorick! Emerson, Thoreau, Mark Twain, Cooper, Hawthorne did not understand their America as do these moderns. They were sacrificing upon the wrong altars. Natty Bumppo was "nothing more than an Anglicized red man," Hawthorne's characters were "wraith-like," Poe got his terror from Germany, Emerson was a petty bourgeois muddled by once owning $22,000, Thoreau merely escaped, Whitman, who really saw America, was daft on individualism, Twain went down to ruin with the frontier. Thus the middle name of the United States became either misery or confusion; until these bright young blades slashed through the undergrowth to the truth—that from the beginning the manifest destiny of America was to become a collectivist state.

My sarcasm, such as it is, should not be directed against Mr. Calverton's careful and often most illuminating study of the struggle of the petty bourgeoisie. It is highly useful to view the American scene as a conflict of classes, precisely as it is valuable to look again at its medley as a turmoil of ideas and individuals. But the truth is in no one compartment, and the fundamental simplification upon which his thesis rests invites irony. For obviously his history of struggle and defeat could be told of a defeated collectivism in opposition to a crescent capitalism, or the cul-

really dead, if a collectivist America is not only desirable but inevitable, then of course the event toward which all American creation moves is precisely that rather vague state to which, with what incredible changes in temperament can be imagined only by the credulous, we are all to adapt ourselves perforce in the fifth or tenth year of depression, and whose realities Mr. Harrison, Miss Smedley, and Mr. Cohen so realistically see. But individualism may not be dead, rather it may be painfully adapting itself in America to limitations necessary in a country with no more Wests and too many U. S. Steel Corporations; while collectivism, which has been realized only in the state capitalism of Russia, may be for this side of the ocean a possible Hell instead of a

V. F. CALVERTON.

probable Heaven. In which case the long history of the petty bourgeoisie in America should not be described as a hopeless and misguided battle, and Mr. Calverton should not condemn its literary spokesmen as poor muddled leaders who struck for moral freedom and spiritual hope with Emerson, or thumbed the nose of individualism at the machine with Thoreau, or laughed at and loved a doomed frontier with Twain, or exalted fineness of perception as an end in itself with James, when it was their duty to see only what a miserable country they lived in, and that State Street, as Emerson called the

the esthetic values of his subject for fear of confusing the economic argument. But he has thrown the baby out with the bath. In labelling his protagonists with a class name he has been able to define them only in terms of a class which gets vaguer and vaguer as the book proceeds. The narrow intolerant philistinism of the American settlers, whether Virginian or New Englander, is recognizable in all their history, but no sooner does economic opportunity expand their powers than the term petty bourgeois, which fitted well enough the English shopkeeper or small farmer, has to be stretched to cover these new Americans. The desire to buttress the poor man's individualism by the powerful codes of an ethical religion will meet with no one's denial, but it becomes increasingly difficult to recognize the powerful intellectuals, who led and shaped the New Englanders toward what they expected to be a kingdom of God on earth, as a petty bourgeoisie, or indeed as a bourgeoisie at all. It is significant that other writers speak of them as an aristocracy. And if Emerson was a petty bourgeois (as he has to be, though with upper middle class taints, to satisfy Mr. Calverton's argument) what value is left in the term? The democratic leaven is always working in Emerson, and Mr. Calverton is sounder than many recent writers in his emphasis upon Emerson's spiritual kinship with the West, but if there ever was an essential aristocrat adapting himself to democracy, Emerson was the man. And in general, I believe that the hopeless struggle of the petty individualist trying to establish himself in a world where communism was to be the only solution, is simply Mr. Calverton's misreading of the expansion of European man in the new environment of America, the fight for independence and power of those who did not originally possess either, trending toward a future in which a new society will be conditioned as much by an inbred individualism as by the dangers and possibilities which inhere in the age of the machine.

I repeat that Mr. Calverton's book is important, and rich in genuine contributions to American literary history. His

more general theories, such as his accounting for the prevailing escape motive in American literature, which I think is sound. But his attack on colonialism, while admirably specific, and perfectly true in so far as it is explains the continuing inferiority of so much American writing in the English tradition, is overstated. He neglects (as so often) the nature of art, which is purely nationalistic at its peril. To praise Emerson's ideas for their Americanism, while condemning his prose style and his poetry for their Anglicism, is to proceed upon the absurd assumption that in Emerson's day there was nothing vitally English in our culture, and that the great writer must owe nothing to the rhythms and patterns of other races. It is also to betray a lack of esthetic insight, for if Emerson's prose (or Thoreau's) is an imitation of Carlyle's, or anything but an essential product of a mind enriched by all cultures but bred on American soil and speaking American, then many good readers will have to give up any pretension to literary sensitiveness.

I must perforce confine myself to the main issue, which is, that this reinterpretation of America represents a theory and an expectation that challenges both facts and faith. If humanism in the original sense of the word is to have its standard raised, here is a battle ground, an infinitely more urgent field it seems to me than the area of authority and discipline in which the intellectualists' war of yesteryear was pursued by dying echoes. For the collectivist idea as it sweeps along the curve of civilization from economics into religion and literature, can have only one happy issue in America, which is to cause an assertion and reassertion of a shrewd, courageous, and adaptable individualism, ready to admit limitations, realistic in its willingness to conform to the necessities of social cooperation in a machine age, more interested in successful living than in a theory or a supposed right, but determined to survive. There is no hope in communism for the America we know and have so imperfectly made. It is as alien as monarchy. It is not evolutionary as this book

and a villain, and probably a savior, and in each case literary qualities would be distributed somewhat according to the *dramatis personae*. In each instance, as here, a fallacy would vitiate criticism; and literature and the qualities of literature would be interpreted in terms of the faults or the virtues of the class which it represented. X would be bad because it spoke for the enemy, and Y would be good because it foreshadowed the coming communist state. If following such methods, we begin to read our books for what they can tell of social error or social revolution, soon Milton, Racine, and Shakespeare will be taught as sociology (largely fossil), and true eminence in literature be restricted to the confident rightness of those who doctrinize the immediate present, which is still too fluid to bump their noses if they fall.

Another fallacy in all this Marxist thinking when applied to American literary history, admittedly a history of fighting individualism, is that it clearly misrepresents our literature. The eternal protest of the artist and intellectual against tyranny, ugliness, and the gross is wholly identified with an economic struggle between classes, a formula which will neither entirely explain, nor in the triumph of one class or another, adequately solve the problems which rise above the mere subsistence level of food and shelter. Emerson becomes more intelligible when regarded as the protagonist of the hope of the individualist West, but Emerson as a mere economic machine puffing out irrelevant idealisms is good caricature but poor criticism. That man does not live by bread alone is still good doctrine.

Nor is it sound or wise to interpret (as Mr. Calverton unquestionably does) a past in the light of a presumptive future built upon wish as much as upon expectation. If individualism, which the new school feels was never quite proper, is

sunk to the comfort level, which Lewis was later to satirize, but there was also a magnificent attempt to establish an ideology of opportunity, and a century in which it may well be argued that more men and women were happy and interested in the United States than elsewhere in the world. And if the future of America is not to be so simply arranged for by distributing the collective products of industry to the proletariat collectively organized, then our century-long battles of individualism may well preface new attempts, and very different attempts, to perpetuate what individuals have hitherto regarded as qualities of living indispensable to civilized personalities, and Whitman and Emerson and even Irving may have a meaning for the future (like Plato and Goethe and Milton) in spite of their defeats in the past. And even if the United States should go communist in the next election but one, and the American masses, swinging wide as they love to do, choose the buffalo herd and the bee instead of the wolf and the beaver as their totem, I should still hope to retain sufficient perspective to condemn a defeatist history of the earlier years of this republic. In spite of the fouls, and the slugged umpires, and the cheating on the base lines, and the dust and wind in the bleachers, it was a good show while it lasted—and may be again.

And indeed to yield to an economic situation, as this historian of our culture assumes that we must do, and to believe that salvation for all but the capitalist can be secured by a wholesale collectivism, is to commit the precise fallacy of which he accuses Jefferson, that leader of the petty bourgeoisie, who believed that America would be made safe for republicanism by agrarianism and the ownership of land.

I seem to keep away from literature in this critique, but so does Mr. Calverton, who states frankly that he will not go into

an art-loving, pleasure-loving aristocracy, is admirable. His analysis of the results when writers like Sherwood Anderson, or Theodore Dreiser, began to realize the crushing power of wealth in a supposedly free country, or when Mark Twain tasted the bitterness of democratic ideals turned sour, is illuminating. I do not know where to turn for a better explanation of the "Bible belt," or of American lowbrowism, although others have preceded him here, or (though I do not accept all his reasons) of the extraordinarily high degree of protest in vital American literature, or of the sombre and complaining satire of Middle Western writing in our day. But it is when he leaves economic trends and comes to social moods or to individuals, particularly to great individuals, that the unsoundness of his general theory vitiates his conclusions. The nineteenth century America he describes is not familiar. It is a doomed America, made half conscious of its helplessness. It is an America largely devoid of humor, where content is a crime, and expansion and exploitation a vice from which all vitality and usefulness and high spirits have been stripped. It is, furthermore, an America obstinately becoming capitalistic, foolishly vaunting its individualism, vainly seeking a philosophy which when the rough jobs were done might ameliorate its materialism—an America, in short, all wrong from the point of view of the collectivist of the twentieth century. It ought not to have happened and nothing that it did was right. Not even Henry Adams (petty bourgeois become upper middle class), rose to such heights of critical discontent and even Henry approved—of Pennsylvania.

I shall leave to others to discuss, as I hope they will for the material deserves it, Mr. Calverton's many interesting classifications and interpretations, for space does not permit me to take up even his

history. And even if it should come, we ought not to rewrite the past to fit it. To reinterpret American life in terms of such a theoretical future may be an exercise in that kind of liberal thinking which colectivism would not permit, enlarging our ideas by unsuspected viewpoints, orienting tendencies in our civilization with the economic history of the world at large. Rousseau's theory of the noble savage had a like value for general culture (and dynamatic results). But it cannot go unchallenged, especially in literary history. The belief that three centuries of individualism can be properly interpreted only as an experiment in trial and error leading toward the exact opposite, must be pulled up before sound history can begin to grow.

A planned society is no monopoly of the communist theory, but has been the aspiration of every leader in thought, and particularly one might say of American idealists, short as their term and uncontrolled as their national egoism has been. But one feels that the defeated petty bourgeoisie of Mr. Calverton's book, the Thoreaus, Emersons, Whitmans, Bellamys, Jeffersons, were wiser in the history of human nature, and especially of American human nature, than these new prophets, who, seeing that a changed economics is already upon us, are certain that they know its rules, and that they will have an equally new economic America ready for the occasion. They are far too willing to throw on the junk heap, not merely the literature of individualism, but also the American type—the American, so imperfectly, so laboriously made—who faces change—but is not yet "by a damn sight" ready to be scrapped.

Not only is there again a Gladstone in the British Parliament, but there is once more a Sir Walter Scott. The latter is a great-great-grandson of the great novelist, and lives at Abbotsford.

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Man and Artist

THE LIFE OF DOSTOIEVSKY. By E. H. CARR. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

THE Russian revolution, Bolshevism, and the Freudian war on the inhibitions brought Dostoievsky to the attention of the English-reading public. By the exponents of the new realism he was hailed as the one great master. With the exception of Chekov, who was introduced to the American public by the Moscow Art Theatre, the other great Russian writers—Turgeniev, Tolstoy—were banished to the attic and almost forgotten. The American people was little acquainted with Dostoievsky's background, his ideas, and his aspirations, yet he was accepted as *the* Russian novelist and was read with tremendous interest as the true interpreter of the "complex Russian soul." This popularity was expressed in a number of biographies in German, French, and English, which are described with understandable impatience by D. S. Mirsky in the preface of the present volume, as the "sensational gossip of the novelist's daughter and the unutterable rot of a legion of pseudo-profound Germans, the sob-stuff of Mr. Middleton Murry, and the arbitrary sophistication of André Gide." All these biographers had something in common. They disliked Russia, they endeavored to present Dostoievsky as a noble, and at times a saintly, person, and they accepted him as the true portrayer of the Russian people. Yet each of them was devoutly grateful that his own fellow-countrymen in no way resembled these "interesting" Russians.

While Dostoievsky occupied the centre of the stage, the biographies of him were of minor importance. Now that his popularity has been receding, we have before us a biography based on fact and presenting not only a complete portrait of Dostoievsky the man but the close relation between his life and his work. Mr. Carr's is a most interesting and impressive achievement. The new material which became available after the death of the novelist's second wife and with the publication of the diary of Pauline Suslova is presented compactly and vividly. We have here a complete, well-written story of the life of a great Russian writer, and as such it is invaluable to the student of Russian literature.

The finished canvas emerging from Mr. Carr's facts reveals Dostoievsky as an epileptic, sexually abnormal, a passionate gambler, egocentric, kindly yet more often cruel, capable of a cringing humility and a supercilious pride, and in his political views an ardent Slavophile and defender of the monarchy. He contained within himself all the vices as well as the virtues of the characters which people his novels, with the exception of Alyosha in "The Brothers Karamazov." This new material confirms the hitherto accepted Russian conception of Dostoievsky's life and ideas as distinguished from the Western interpretation of Dostoievsky. The present volume is valuable because of its factual completeness.

But, oddly enough, when Mr. Carr comes to the interpretation of his own facts he very frequently falls into the same snare as his predecessors. He, too, has little love for Russia and particularly for the revolutionists who were anathema to Dostoievsky. He endeavors to smooth out Dostoievsky's moral and temperamental insobrieties and to recreate him in the image of a gentleman in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the term; an impossible task. In this profitless pursuit the biographer is continually contradicted by his own documentary evidence.

The entire significance of the new information which Mr. Carr has marshalled consists in the fact that it reveals for the first time in complete form Dostoievsky's relations to the three women who most deeply affected the novelist's work, though there were numerous others in his life—the Martha Browns and the Korvin-Krukovskaias. There was his first wife, Maria Dmitrievna, whom he met while he was an exile in Siberia. There was Pauline Suslova, whom he met upon his return from Siberia, when she was a young university student and the author of a short story which had appeared in the *Vremya* of which he was editor. There was, finally, "the cheese-paring," commonplace secretary Anna, who became his second wife and the mother of Dostoievsky's daughter, the author of her father's biography to which Mirsky refers.

Dostoievsky's relations to his first and second wives were long fairly well known. They were revealed in his letters to his brother and to others. About his love affair with Pauline Suslova, on the other hand, there was until recently very little information aside from the fact that she was his grand passion and that as a result all his later heroines were created in her image. It would therefore seem that Mr. Carr would make the most out of the newly discovered material on this particularly interesting theme. He does not. In fact, this "illicit" relationship seems to bother the biographer. It interferes with his effort to represent Dostoievsky as a "gentleman" and Anna as his ideal wife. Very properly he rehabilitates Maria Dmitrievna, the novelist's first wife, who was treated with contempt by Dostoivsky's second wife and her daughter. But he accepts their opinion of Suslova and proceeds to minimize her importance. This is all the more curious because Mr. Carr is aware of the fact that Dostoievsky's second wife lost no opportunity to destroy all information concerning her genius husband's life prior to their marriage. He knows that Anna herself was a "cheese-paring" woman of little intelligence who listened through keyholes and understood her husband not at all. To subscribe to this limited woman's interpretation of Pauline Suslova is to part with reality.

It is true that Pauline, after her separation from Dostoievsky, did not live in accordance with the precepts of a Victorian lady. That is entirely beside the point. Had Pauline taken a narrow, conventional course she would most likely have remained unnoticed in history. It was precisely her consequent deterioration, her waywardness, that made a deep impression on Dostoievsky. Erotic, selfish, and unforgiving as a result of her sad experience with him, she remained to him beautiful and fascinating, of much superior stature to his first wife, and certainly to his second wife. She was sufficiently fascinating for the young critic Rozanov to fall in love with her and marry her. At any rate, according to the evidence conveyed in the present volume, Dostoievsky did not love Suslova less because of her subsequent free mode of life, than he did when he first met her as a chaste and charming girl. We may go further. Pauline seems to have made the free life attractive, whereas his dull, prudish second wife made chastity repellant. He continued to correspond with Suslova for two years after his second marriage, against the protest of his wife. Suslova did more than retain the love and respect of Dostoievsky. She imposed a creed and an outlook upon him. She compelled him, because of what he had made her suffer as a result of their relations, to take up the case against chastity in woman.

Dostoievsky's development of this particular theme is most interesting. Sonica, the "pure prostitute" of "Crime and Punishment," is quite properly related by Mr. Carr to Camille, the stock heroine of contemporary French fiction. She is followed by Nastasya Philippovna of "The Idiot," but Nastasya is not at all the conventional "pure prostitute." She is a much more important and real person. Dostoievsky himself is aware of this fact. Hence the indecision of his hero, Prince Myshkin, who is supposed to be Dostoievsky, whether he loves more truly the pure Aglaya, who is undoubtedly Suslova as she was when Dostoievsky first met her, or the unchaste Nastasya, who is assumed to be Suslova after her tragic experience. This hesitation disappears entirely in "The Brothers Karamazov." Therein Grushenka, the woman of easy virtue, becomes Dostoievsky's ideal, not as the "pure prostitute" but as the most desirable of women. But Dmitri Karamazov's fiancé, who bears an unmistakable likeness to Dostoivesky's second wife, is treated with derision and contempt.

The vehemence with which Dostoievsky attacks the ideal of purity in woman more than suggests a defense mechanism. In moments of remorse Dostoievsky must have been conscious of the fact that as a mature married man (his first wife was still alive), who had had a great deal of experience with women and was at the time in the throes of creating "Crime and Punishment," he had no right to take advantage of the adoration of the beautiful, intelligent, and chaste young girl, Pauline Suslova. Given the same situation, Tolstoy would have condemned himself and written an epic in defense of chastity. Dostoievsky was too weak, too self-indulgent, and much too subjective to think of himself in the role of seducer. Whatever gave him pleasure or diversion was right. For instance, after leaving his second wife far gone with child and losing all their money at the roulette table he tells her, "I knew it was wrong, but it is good for me." But even this egotist was unable to witness the suffering and gradual deterioration of the woman he loved truly without doing something about it. "You cannot forgive me because you gave yourself to me, because I was the first," Dostoievsky told Pauline when she refused to marry him. True to himself, what would have been guilt in another person gave birth to a dogma in Dostoievsky. It was the struggle of the proud and unforgiving Suslova that compelled his attack on chastity and so placed the otherwise reactionary Dostoievsky in the vanguard of "modern" writers.

Dostoievsky was essentially a fighter, and chiefly in the cause of obscurantism. Humility and submission he merely prescribed for others—the hated Socialists, the enemies of his beloved monarchy. In his defense of the autocracy he spared no one, and he utilized every available weapon, particularly the Church. Dostoievsky was not religious in any real sense of the word, as Tolstoy was religious. The latter was actually absorbed in a continual struggle against his personal defects in an effort to achieve salvation. Dostoievsky had no such struggle. At no time had he endeavored to lead an ascetic or a Christian life, or to subscribe personally to anything that could be even remotely associated with orthodoxy. His religion was that of a politician who uses the novel as his medium. In ignorant, church-ridden Russia it became his strongest weapon against the nihilists. Alyosha in "The Brothers Karamazov" was not Dostoievsky's ideal man. He is merely the politician's cleverly anticipated answer to the inevitable question of his antagonists, "Well, granting the filth and futility of the Karamazovs, what then?" The pure and humble Alyosha was Dostoievsky's answer to this query; but his heart was not in Alyosha.

An ardent preacher of pacifism, Dostoievsky was in practice most militant. Upon his return from Siberia, whither he had been sent without actual cause for suspected revolutionary leanings, he took up the fight for Czar and orthodoxy. "Crime and Punishment" was the first shell hurled at the republican Nihilists. In this book, Dostoievsky the humanitarian criminologist is likewise the defender of an ancient law: "Thou shalt not kill." No matter for whose sake, for what ideal you believe you are killing, in the end you will discover that it was to satisfy your personal egotism. Later he carried on this fight against Nihilist terrorism as editor of various periodicals, and when these failed because of lack of funds, he resumed the crusade in his later novels. Of these, "The Brothers Karamazov" is the most powerful and the most vehement.

So absorbed was Dostoievsky in the conflict that in creating the elder Karamazov he overlooked an essential part of his own creed. Dostoievsky, the humanitarian, had until then insisted that in the worst criminal and degenerate, if you only dig down deep enough, you will find a human being. But old Karamazov is all black. There is not a chink in him through which a soul can be glimpsed. He is infinitely blacker than the Prince in "The Insulted and Injured" or any other villain of Dostoievsky's creation. But having presented this utterly repellent specimen of humanity, Dostoievsky proceeds to drive home the lesson of "Crime and Punishment"; "Thou shalt not kill!" Even in this "insect," Karamazov, the vital spark is sacred, for this "insect" begat Alyosha. The shaft is meant to go right to the heart. If you have no right to kill Karamazov, then what question can there be of your right to assassinate Nicholas or Alexander, though he be the worst of despots?

Dostoievsky went further than this in his assault on the revolutionists. Behind the active Nihilists he struck at the teachers of revolution. He insists that the degenerate Smerdyakov, who killed old Karamazov, is not the real murderer. The true murderer is Ivan Karamazov, whose sceptical and revolutionary speeches swayed Smerdyakov to the deed. Smerdyakov, after the act, accuses Ivan of being the murderer of his father, and Dostoievsky makes Ivan accept Smerdyakov's accusation as the truth. Ivan, it will be recalled, appears at the trial of his brother Dmitri, and tells the court that neither Dmitri nor Smerdyakov, but he, Ivan, murdered his father. Dostoievsky's creed was not merely Thou shalt not kill, but neither shalt thou preach anything that may inspire insubordination and lead to attempts on the rulers of the land. This was the sense and purpose of his orthodoxy.

A VILLAGE IN DOSTOIEVSKY'S RUSSIA
FROM "THE LAND WITHOUT UNEMPLOYMENT" (INTERNATIONAL)

A copy of the "Breeches Bible," dated 1599, fetched only 34s. at the recent sale of the Earl of Durham's library at Lambton Castle. This Bible owes it name to a phrase in Genesis referring to Adam and Eve," and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches," the word in the Authorized version being "aprons."

The Hawthornden Prize for a work of imaginative literature produced in 1931 was presented recently to Kate O'Brien for her novel, "Without My Cloak." The story chronicles the fortunes of an Irish family through three generations.

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In the Intelligence Service

ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT. By MAX WILD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE phrase "Intelligence Service" has a respectable sound, and the work which it describes is a necessary part of war, but as actually practised during hostilities, it's a pretty "lousy" job, as they say on Broadway, for all that.

In peace times, or even in wartime, the activities of what might be called the more fortunate sorts of intelligence officers may be as routine and respectable as those of consular officers or of a newspaper's foreign correspondents. Every war correspondent contributes, in some sort, to "intelligence service," and the reports of a military attaché stationed in his country's Embassy or Legation may be, and frequently are, as filled with more or less obvious facts which sink, unread, into departmental files, as are the reports of his colleagues in the Consular and Department of Commerce services.

Military intelligence work, between nations at war, is, nevertheless, in the nature of things, spying, however dressed up in uniforms and etiquette, and the lower you go in the military hierarchy, the closer does the intelligence agent come to being an ordinary spy. And on an active front, "spying" isn't a simple thing which works only one way, so to speak—spies crossing the lines to find out what they can about the other side—but involves the use of traitors from the other side, of agents who are in the pay of both sides, and completely faithful, perhaps, to neither; of bribery, of *provocateurs*, of what in normal life would be called blackmail—of victims trapped in one way or another with the "goods"—in short, of any and everything by which useful information can be obtained.

There was plenty of this sort of thing on all the fronts, doubtless, but the Russo-German front must have been the happy hunting-ground. The comparatively "loose" nature of this front—hundreds of miles of marsh and forest land through which it was relatively easy to slip; the jumble of races and political loyalties in the disintegrating Russian and Austro-Hungarian empires; and, finally, the coming of the Russian Revolution and Bolshevism, all prepared a ground in which the work of "intelligence" combined the adventurousness of frontier bushwhacking with the methods of city gangsters.

Max Wild appears to have been in the thick of it. He ran his agents back and forth through the Polish marshes, or, ambushed alongside one of the trails used by the Russian agents, like a big-game hunter beside a water-hole, caught the incoming spies in batches, and turned them over to courts-martial. Many were simply shot out of hand. Others, who seemed to promise usefulness, were threatened with death, or their wives and children were threatened, until they gave up what they knew and then were spared to work for their new boss, always with the threat of death hanging over them.

It was, as already said, a "lousy" business, but practised on both sides, with little to choose, apparently, between them. The inexperienced reader will be surprised to learn how faithfully some of these wretches seem to have served their new masters, and astonished at the amounts of money that seem to have been more or less regularly paid for spying jobs. It was a profitable racket, as long as you could get away with it. There was one Russian intelligence officer who demanded a million marks ($250,000) from the Germans for his information about the French and English, but Wild doesn't say how much, if any, of this amount was paid.

After the Russian army had begun to crack, and there was constant "fraternizing" between the Russian and German front lines, Wild himself was sent across to talk revolution and promptly caught. Three times, according to his story, he was put against a wall to be shot, but each time contrived to wriggle out. He went from one prison to another, each worse than the last, and zigzagged, with various escapes and recaptures, clear to eastern Siberia and back, before he finally got out of Russia with the help of the Swedish Red Cross.

Readers, like myself, to whom Max Wild is merely a name, have no means of knowing how true his story may be except from internal evidence. The ability to write well doesn't necessarily make a man another Ossendowski, any more than the inability to write well makes him a reliable reporter. But there is a slogging literalness about this narrative, a willingness to spare himself bouquets—even to telling how his own people threw him out of the German Embassy in Moscow when he got back, ill and broken, from Siberia—which connotes a certain frankness and gives Wild's record an air of fact.

It isn't a pretty story, at any rate, and although Herr Wild may not have intended it, is calculated to shake pretty thoroughly any lingering illusions the reader may cherish about the romance of modern war.

The Unchanging Battle

THE UNEQUAL CONFLICT. By GODFREY WINN. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $2.50.

IT is unfortunate that the inequality in the conflict described by Mr. Winn seems to come more from the hands of the author than from those of fate. With all the evidence on his side, with the case won even before the pleading begins, his manifest anxiety to establish his thesis is unnecessary, as well as detrimental to his story. Almost any wife married to almost any husband in the class, time, and place described by Mr. Winn, would have furnished a convincing protagonist for the well-known fact-fiction man-woman con-

GODFREY WINN.

flict, but in selecting a particularly unsympathetic, egoistic, and unfaithful husband as a foil for an exaggeratedly unsuspicious and clinging wife, Mr. Winn has handicapped himself unfairly from the start. With sociology, psychology, and physiology all in his favor, Mr. Winn's little additional tugs at the already unbalanced scales could well have been dispensed with.

The novel opens with an excellent Victorian interior and closes with an equally convincing Georgian one. In each a daughter returns to her mother after a significant passage with a lover; between the two scenes lies the emotional life of two generations.

In the first, Judith Mitchell returns from a ball, eager and confidential, to wake her mother to the gas-lit telling of her secret. She is engaged to Charles Blake! And the mother, cold-creamed and night-capped, recognizes the fact, for what it, gratefully, is,—capture. "Her voice quickened. 'He made you an offer of marriage, did he really, Judith?'"

And the second returning Ann Blake comes back after the torturing "one day and one night" with Derek, from which he goes on to the war, to find her mother (Judith) waiting up for her.

> Oh, couldn't you have left me alone tonight, Ann thought. . . . Question me, I am ready with my lies, but Judith did not question her, did not even turn her head to greet her daughter, but instead she went on staring, staring out into the night.

A little over twenty years between the two scenes but a century and a way of life have died out within their span.

The story of the married life of Judith and Charles Blake, from their strange honeymoon, when the groom preferred gambling, night after night, to the company of his puzzled, disappointed young bride, through the tragic birth of a child of the wrong sex, and on to Judith's final rebellion, is a many-sided and multi-colored tale. English home life is given intensively: the pleasantness of it and the narrowness. The book in this earlier section is like a pointillist canvas, with each minute, vivid fleck of color sharp-edged and distinct from the rest when studied closely, but blending, undifferentiated from the whole, when viewed in perspective. Whenever and wherever the story goes quietly along its way in casual day-to-day encounter with life it is gracious and full-fleshed. But when a more dramatic scene is needed or a climax reached, the reality of effect is all too often abruptly dissipated by forced situations or by theatrical touches.

After the insoluble difficulty between Judith and Charles is as nearly resolved as it can ever be and the story shifts to the younger generation, to Ann and Derek, the uneveness disappears, and Ann's fight against an enemy so much less tangible than the horses, gambling, and other women with which her mother had to struggle, forges honestly ahead to the final bitter conflict. Mr. Winn seems much more at ease with the generation that was just old enough, while still too young, to know the war, than with their parents.

It is difficult to strike a balance in writing of "The Unequal Conflict" because the book itself swings with such frequency from phase to phase. But there is enough tough-fibred good in it to withstand the analysis of its weaknesses. It is not a book to lie down quietly under criticism. At each fault mentioned, an attendant virtue raises its accusing head.

The Night of the Soul

A BROKEN JOURNEY. By MORLEY CALLAGHAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

FROM the almost self-conscious obscurity in which Morley Callaghan has written his new novel, "A Broken Journey," there arises only the sense that life is dark and futile and that neat prose may shed darkness as well as light. In a mysticism strangely compounded of blood-ties, Roman Catholicism, and eroticism, Mr. Callaghan has lost or discarded all the concreteness of his story of a girl in a Middle Western town who gave up her lover once because her mother wanted him and gave him up again because he could not serve the erotic nature which was her mother's gift to her.

This is a strange, dark book. There is actual night in many of Mr. Callaghan's scenes and his scenes in daylight are almost startling, like quick, unexpected illumination out of darkness. Yet, between obscurity and glare, Mr. Callaghan has drawn a number of clear, vividly written scenes, as that in which the devout and sex-obsessed mother prays to the Virgin in the dark Cathedral that her daughter's lover may be her own, and that in which young Marion Gibbons walks unhappily into the rain at night where she finds a drunken college boy whom she hopes in momentary sensuousness will seduce her. In such scenes Mr. Callaghan is master of a fine, vivid prose full of concrete images. It is in the broader handling of his story that he lapses into obscurity.

Essentially his story is the love story of Marion Gibbons who follows her mother, whom she despises and yet loves, both in quest and in disillusionment. Peter Gould, whom she loved, is left at the end of the book a sexless invalid in an intense fraternal unity with his brother whose life had fed before upon Peter's full living. To the helpless Peter comes the realization that he can give Marion up without too much pain. On her part, Marion's passionate will to nurse him ends when her sexual hunger and restlessness carry her into the arms of a woodsman of strong physical appeal. In his arms she finds nothing but disillusionment and the sense of her own worthlessness.

The book is one of very few characters though many minor figures come into its pages. The mother and daughter and the two Gould brothers are the only essential ones in the story. Of these only the mother occupies vividly a whole real world. The others move like figures out of the sub-

MORLEY CALLAGHAN.

conscious and such reality as they possess seems to be only the reality of figures in a Freudian dream. Thus the final futility in their lives seems too much the futility of a slow, erotic dream to be deeply stirring.

Mr. Callaghan writes in a style almost prim in its verbal neatness but his psychological and mystical probings into souls behind the prose is never so definite. There are moments of penetrating clarity. There are a number of fine pages of concrete descriptions and passages that are very close to clear, fine poetry. But there are fumbling passages, too. Many pages are heavy with monotony. Too often the slow, obscure movement of the book is as futile as the story it tells.

The Sir Walter Scott Cenenary is being observed in many cities throughout the world. Bibliophiles will be surprised when they learn how San Francisco, California, is honoring Scott, but more so when they observe what valuable material is there to make such a celebration attractive. The event beginning in August and extending through September, is under the auspices of the Literary Anniversary Club, a small group of devout book-lovers, who meet once each month and celebrate some literary anniversary of that month. It is the only club of its kind in the world. For the Scott Centenary this Club is showing from the collections of its members an exhibit that is quite remarkable. The display includes every book written by Scott and in its original published condition; many of these are presentation copies. There are also magazines containing first publications of his writings, autograph manuscripts, autograph letters, proof sheets, cancel pages, association items, souvenirs from Abbotsford, many publications about Scott, and in addition over twenty portraits and engravings of this beloved romancer.

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A Dickensian Chronicle

THE CASE IS ALTERED. By WILLIAM PLOMER. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE is another piece of evidence on the Americanization of England. Mr. Plomer's novel is an English book club selection, and accordingly appears amid a chorus of loud hurrahs from writers who ought to know better. A Dickensian chronicle of lodging-house life, it has its good points, but hardly enough to justfy the time spent in reading it, still less the eulogies of Ralph Straus and Clemence Dane. In so far as there is a plot it deals with the increasingly insane jealousy of Paul Fernandez over his wife Beryl, co-proprietor of the lodging house, which eventually leads to murder. These two characters are well realized, as are the two decayed gentlewomen of the story; but most of the others are unconvincing sketches and the young people who seem to have been required as juvenile leads simply walk about in a fog.

What Mr. Plomer has to say would be more effective if he knew how to say it. He has his shrewd insights into character; but his style, artless to the point of utter flatness, can be explained only on the theory (suggested by a volunteer collaborator of this reviewer) that he is a grandson of Laura Jean Libbey. The murder scene, direct and effective, is erased from memory by the turgid account of Beryl's death that immediately follows; and the general impression is that of a collection of raw material that might have been made into a good novel by a writer with any sense of expression. At long intervals Mr. Plomer has his flashes; such as this summary of a deserted wife with a little money and no interests — "She became genteel, constipated, and irritable, kept a fat dog and dabbled in the occult"; or Miss Haymer's refusal to go in for spiritualism on the ground that "we shall have so much time to talk to the dead when we join them." But these sparks are so rare that they only emphasize the surrounding dullness.

Light of the Palace

NUR MAHAL. By HAROLD LAMB. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

IN the lush tangle of historical romances growing about the trunk of the new biography and almost smothering it, to come upon a work of real distinction affords a delight great in proportion to its rarity. Mr. Harold Lamb, author of notable biographies of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, is a writer who combines erudition with stylistic charm. Basing his romance upon contemporary Mogul chronicles and reports of European travelers, Mr. Lamb, before writing, went thoroughly into the vexed

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "NUR MAHAL."

question of his empress heroine's character, and then, having assured himself of the correctness of his interpretation, built up in his book, step by step, a living person, and surrounded her with a living court. His own inventions are an elaboration, not a falsification of the known facts, and his work achieves that actual union of history and fiction which is surely the ideal of its *genre*.

Nur Mahal, "Light of the Palace"—Nur Jahan, "Light of the World"—these were the poetic, official titles that marked the rise of the obscure Mihri to a controlling position in the great Mogul empire. To an extent, her career paralleled that of Theodora, the empress of Justinian, but was free from its sordidness. A Persian, brought up a daring rider on the western plains, taken to court by her father, a favorite of the philosophic emperor Akbar, she enjoyed in her youth a brief love passage with Akbar's son, Jehangir, almost immediately interrupted by the emperor's hasty marriage of her to a nobleman whom he sent into honorable exile far form the court. Years later, a widow, she again met Jehangir, now emperor,

NUR MAHAL.

and found that his passion for her still burned unabated. Taken into the harem, she managed, with her combination of beauty and intelligence, to break every oriental tradition of feminine seclusion. She attended her husband on tiger hunts, once bringing down four animals with six shots; her face was stamped on the coinage of the realm—an utterly unheard of thing; she appointed and dismissed ministers of state, astutely managed diplomatic affairs, was for years the virtual ruler of the empire, and with it all retained her love of poetry and beauty, her simplicity and native charms. "A statue come to life," the chroniclers described her, and the fascinating woman of Mr. Lamb's creation possesses the mingled energy and repose and mysterious aloofness suggested by the words. How far her love for Jehangir was love, how far it was ambition, we never really know; the author confesses that he, too, is not sure; possibly, Nur Mahal herself never knew; certainly, Jehangir never did. Occasionally, Mr. Lamb; like his characters, seems to yield too much to Nur Mahal's seductive skill and triumphant courage.

The emperor is fully as interesting a figure as his bride. All of the Mogul monarchs were touched by both genius and madness; in Jehangir these qualities were dulled to a lower tone—to a languid, only half-creative love of art and science and to spasmodic fits of cruelty. In general scrupulously just, a poet of some ability, an interested observer of plant and animal life, the historian of his own reign, Jehangir impresses us as much like an eighteenth century European gentleman —and then suddenly, for amusement while in his cups, he sends eight of his followers, one by one, unarmed, to be torn to pieces by a lion.

Around these two central characters swirl the intrigues of court and harem life. Every step of Nur Mahal's way is an open or secret battle; she is surrounded by spies and traitors; and one becomes absorbed in following her efforts to disentangle the complicated web of political affairs. And at the end one is left with the sense of a whole vanished civilization of extraordinary splendor, and to puzzle over the problem of its refinement and its savagery, and, perhaps, to ponder whether future historians and romancers will not be puzzled in much the same way by our own era.

Toil and Trouble

BROKEN HOUSE. By AMBROSE SOUTH. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MISS SOUTH has given us a time exposure of life. Within the boundaries of the scene selected, she seems to have let no detail escape her. The narrowness of that scene throws into sharp relief the figures that move continually across its surface. Man and beast trapped in the farm that shelters the broken house are mercilessly exposed in all their stubborn courage, in all their futile struggling. Although a slow winter passes during the course of the story, time seems suspended in the telling because it is always the effect of incident and not incident itself that stands out. And the effect on the little group of human beings on the run-down property can only be repeats upon the few emotional chords to which their hard-pressed lives can still respond. Dread they have always with them, sharpening into fear from time to time and dulling into relief occasionally. But each day attacks their inadequacy in some way, and each night finds them grateful for the few hours of oblivion.

Clara is the person who holds the Canley family together, and she is so real a figure in Miss South's novel that contradictions in her character only make her the more convincing. She has no need of being polished off and made consistent, that is never required of living things, and Clara Canley is alive. She must be nearly fifty at the period of the story, but a dogged girlishness keeps cropping up in her that must baffle time and her complete inability to recognize defeat even when it is actually upon her leaves fate almost helpless.

Clara Canley is the wife of a bad-tempered, pain-driven husband. Crippled by the war and handicapped in other ways, Hugh Canley fights with his back to the wall, without hope and without humor. He feels the world against him, and he is against the world. Having seen himself a loser in particular case after case, he is capable of generalizing about the future. Clara, upon whom the burden has certainly been no lighter, has a wild, harum-scarum lack of logic which permits her always to think that through some miracle or other things may be different tomorrow. Clara's total disregard of the law of cause and effect makes possible most of her manifest failure as housekeeper, but it also accounts for her success as a mother.

A winter on a poverty stricken farm. That makes up the actual subject matter for "Broken House" and yet gives no idea of the book. For while no hardship, no evil, and none of the deadly monotony is overlooked or softened, the book has a virile reality that sweeps it clear of those bogs of depression into which so many novels of unhappy people sink. Miss South is always conscious of her characters as people rather than as examples of this or that evil. Certainly the social system under which such life is possible receives no quarter by implication from the author, but since such a system does exist and such life is going on, she takes her subjects where she finds them and presents them in their environment without comments aside. Miss South is not reportorial; she is creative. She has amassed details to make up her picture, but when she has finished, the details have ceased to exist as such and have become part of an integrated whole.

It is customary to consider evidences of a book's being a first work as flaws. In some particulars the reverse of this is likely to be the case. In "Broken House" many an older novelist might have felt that more dramatic action was needed to make a good story, that some sort of climax must be attempted. Miss South has made no such effort. Aside from the final paragraph, which seems to mark a sharper downward curve in Clara's fortune than any hitherto, any incident in the book might just as well be read before any other instead of in the order they are arranged. Catastrophes may seem to be mounting towards climax, but there is always something that Clara can cling to, to keep the family from the ultimate disaster. Nothing does any actual permanent good, of course; the next day or next week will see a new emergency to be met with no help from the last. This is the tragedy of the Canleys. They can never get out of the current of their ill luck, but they never sink completely under, they can

JACKET DESIGN FOR "BROKEN HOUSE."

just battle endlessly and awkwardly and not quite hold their own. The flat surfaces of Miss South's narrative that appear in succession without progression give exactly the right element of timelessness.

There is no actual story that can be outlined for "Broken House," and a retelling of only certain episodes would overthrow the nice balance which is so carefully maintained throughout, but glancing at a paragraph of the book at random will convince readers of discrimination that a new English author will be shortly added to the lists which already carry the names of so many excellent writers of her own sex.

The Piera Clan

THICKER THAN WATER. By VERA CASPARY. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

WHAT "The Matriarch" was for England; "Red Damask" for New York, "Thicker Than Water" is for Chicago. It covers the years between 1885 and 1931 and is the saga of the Piera family, or rather of the ramifications of the Piera stock, which at the opening of the story consists of Saul, his sister Rosalia, the plain and intellectual, who cherishes most fiercely the Piera tradition and thinks "all Chicagoans stupid and all Gentiles (except the authors of her favorite books) and all the Jews who were not of Portuguese or Spanish extraction." Of the Portuguese purity of the Piera blood there was no doubt. They could trace their history back to those days when their ancestors were rich and powerful, patrons of art, friends of dukes and intimates of princes, holders of vast properties, vintners of fine wines, builders of great castles, and always learned scholars. Rosalia has inherited their qualities; the keen intelligence, and, unfortunately for a young woman without a fortune in the 'eighties, their looks. The education of the young Pieras on an Ohio farm was austere and as rich as the family tradition.

> They read the Iliad and Odyssey, Plutarch and Plato in Latin; Schiller and Goethe and Lessing in German; Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Montaigne, and Molière in French; Cervantes and Lope de Vega in Spanish; and all their prayers, all their devotions, and the Sabbath's conversations in Hebrew. Poor as they were, and shabby, they clung with fierce tenacity to tales of the family's greatness, to the belief in their aristocratic blood, to their superiority over the Germans, and their respect for learning.

Saul, the last of the Pieras, to Rosalia's sharp distress, is in love with Jennie Hartsfelder, whose German blood seems to her an unsurmountable obstacle to their marriage. But marry her he does, and the stream flows on. Rosalia, too, marries, unexpectedly, a German merchant. There is a great deal of marrying in the

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novel; children are born and the Piera blood combines with the German, Polish, and Gentile blood. The great store, rises and declines during the cycle. Rosalia always dominates the scene, and Miss Caspary has put the breath of life into this proud, passionate woman who watches her husband's infidelities with pained tolerance, and never loses touch with the second and third generations of her tribe, and who grows mellower as the tragic years pass, a wise, kind, cynical, old hawk-woman at the end.

Next to Rosalia herself, Beatrice, her only child, is the most interesting portrait in this crowded gallery—Beatrice who elopes with a penniless young inventor and eventually finds herself the dissatisfied wife of a motor magnate.

There are half a dozen novels implicit in "Thicker than Water" and it is only natural that some of them are slighted. Although Miss Caspary follows the lives of the second and third Chicago generations of Pieras her young people seem flat and colorless in contrast with Aunt Becka and Rosalia. And it is a matriarchy. The men of the family, with their absorption in business, their stealthy excursions into illicit passion, their dapper respectability, and their sentimental attachment to their children, are themselves children beside the dark, gusty women of the tribe.

In an interesting way "Thicker than Water" parallels Margaret Ayer Barnes's "Years of Grace." It is Chicago of practically the same period, and of the same social group; in another race. Both are novels of prejudices and possessions and the effect of time and growth on each.

Leisure and Books

(*Continued from page* 101)

it is not true that peace and sentimental illusions are synonymous. Those same multitudes that push from the city out into the open spaces, have desires that neither excitement nor sentiment will satisfy. Their leisure for reading carries with it an appreciation of unhurried books. They made the success of "The Old Wives Tale." They have built up the popularity of Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, Virginia Woolf, Thornton Wilder, and (curiously enough) of Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis. They seek increasingly books which, like Jane Austen's or Hawthorne's or George Eliot's or even Sir Walter Scott's, present static and unhurried scenes in which life, in sharp contrast to the pressure of working hours, has space and time to grow. They seek, in their leisure, not an increase of the tempo of living, which to other minds, or the same minds in other moods, is the thing desired, but a slowing down of time, a relaxation in movement which enriches the imagination by all that hurry misses. Instead of the movie hurricane blowing rain, snow, dust, heroes, and heroines though a crescendo of action, they wish to see in some deep orchard of experience the fruit ripening for them on the tree of life.

Many a good book, many a good play is spoiled for them by the delusive theory that the new leisure must have tom-toms and saxophones. The purveyors of our amusement have been misled by the ease with which excitement works. Crowds rise to it noisily, but there are other crowds not satisfied, and not so evident. If the producer who sped up the ending of so excellent a play as "Another Language" in order to work his audience into a tensity of excitement, should study that audience after they have left the theatre he would learn that in the last five minutes they had lost, in their excitement, the carefully worked out pattern of the play. Many a play on Broadway in the last year has been speeded to the verge of unintelligibility in its last five minutes, and many a good book of the last few years has been written as if the imagination must be kept in a constant tingle. We have learned to its last vibration the technique of excitement. That is not enough. If we are to fill leisure with books, we must be better psychologists. The demand for jazz is satisfied, but because some millions escaping from the industrial machine need only titillation, are there to be no cakes and ale for those of quieter digestion? They may be millions too.

It's Up to Man

CAN MAN BE CIVILIZED? By HARRY ELMER BARNES. New York: Brentano's. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES says that his book presents a panorama of this human scene with God removed from responsibility. It summarizes some of the tasks and obligations imposed upon man if he aspires to build a humanized social order. Science is offered for a savior; religion but clogs the path of attainment.

If this far man has proceeded under wrong recognizances, having now been provided with legitimate, if fortuitous ancestry, it is time, Dr. Barnes thinks, for him to abandon exploded beliefs and submit to a government of fact. He should face the predicament of his state without benefit of revelation or clergy, vacate the idea of immortality, and adjust to the brevity of his days.

If one takes it that the Book of Life wrote itself and got itself printed and circulated by dint of natural selection, a coincidence that Dr. Barnes would not admit in his own instance, things might be accepted for what they are—at face value. With further appeals off the slate we could settle down to a jurisdiction and stop looking under the bed. The trouble is, as doubtless it has ever been, that man has never had faith in the wisdom of his kind. Right behavior must have been at the beginning as hard to enforce as it is today. Authority was always suspect, alibis perennially in demand. Self-interest unendingly disguising itself as humanitarianism. Perhaps gods were invented less to explain peculiar phenomena than to help compel compliance with necessity. They served fairly well until we developed meteorology and the astrophysicists took hold. It's more comfortable to bend one's neck to the yoke of labor in some holy name than at the order of a boss. That divine right of kings which the Kaiser insisted on was but the sublimation of obedience.

Given the opportunity of a new start just where to commence does not appear from this survey. Not only are the roots of our institutions embedded in the soil of the old dispensation but the language in which we interpret their bearings on conduct derived from the same stock. There is also the difficulty that in ascribing our origin to nature we are absolved from any other obligation than to preserve our own lives. Accident carries no responsibility to kith or kind. Morale is a fine ideal of course, as Dr. Barnes interprets it, but it would require definite specifications to make it a popular objective. I can imagine nothing more confusing than amending the Constitution to include even the Golden Rule.

Fundamentally, though the author does not mention it in his list, the cause of our affliction is the continuous influx of babies. Each newcomer has to be milled and moulded to fit the particular set of precedents and prejudices that obtain at the time in the locality of his delivery and thereafter takes them over as his own. If but some reformer could define an ethical code to which enough others would subscribe to make it adhesive and, thereafter, through the scientists, learn how to innoculate the self-willed genes with its virus, all would be well. Instead of arriving here ignorant and brutal we'd be citizens by birth. Make information and culture heritable and Utopias can be had for the asking.

Courageous as unquestionably he is, Dr. Barnes shrinks from the problem of defining the precepts of any new morality. If the need arose, however, he would not flee to Mt. Sinai to descend with the law amid smoke and flame. Like Hoover, he'd have recourse to a congress of scientific experts, a sort of Wickersham Committee (clergymen excluded) but he is not blind to the complexity of the task. The character of the subject is still steeped in illusion and its own notions about itself so vagarious, that the report would be no more than food for more controversy. Were man less plastic and perverse, less moved by his hopes and fears, doubtless he'd have arrived at a sensible attitude towards life long ere this but he'll adapt himself to any frame of agreement that stays put long enough to allow it to become a habit. As long as a civilization carries the possibilities of living off it, according to it or by dissenting from its establishments, the term is served. No satisfied appetite has stomach for reform.

If, however, a thorough illumination of what's wrong with the world could aid in solving its problems, Dr. Barnes has furnished the light. He has explored the several exits and passages and gathered many of the varieties of opinion on the subject so it's an excellent compendium of recipes and protests. The matters are set forth clearly with that fortunate assurance of his which like theological faith, casts out doubt and passeth understanding. Still there's no undue optimism over the prospect. In fact the author seems to have arrived at the conclusion which may originally have been that of the old God—"it's up to man."

IS THIS CIVILIZATION?
The Trenches in France. Wells's "Outline of History" (Macmillan).

The first mid-year issue of *La Scheda Cumulativa Italiana*, a monthly list of new books published in the Italian language, is now on the press. This new bibliographical periodical follows the editorial plan of the well-known H. W. Wilson Cumulative Book Index.

Glorifying the Radical

SONS OF THE WILD JACKASS. By RAY TUCKER and FREDERICK R. BARKLEY. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

LIVELY pictures of the dozen or so irregulars in the Senate whom their scornful colleague, Senator Moses, stigmatized as "sons of the wild jackass" are here presented by a couple of Washington newspaper correspondents, with Senator Moses himself and Representative La Guardia added and with a cartoon of each of the entire fifteen by R. G. List. It is as if the authors took the reader to the Capitol and pointed out one of the insurgents after another, calling attention to his physical traits and then giving a brief and vivid account of his early life, his rise to a place of influence and his activities at Washington, together with an appraisal of his intellectual and personal characteristics. The Senators thus passed in review are Norris of Nebraska, "a valiant rebel"; Borah of Idaho, "the rogue elephant"; Johnson of California, "an old-fashioned Progressive"; Walsh of Montana, "the saintly Senator"; Young Bob La Follette, "the Progressives' first-born"; Shipstead of Minnesota, "a philosophic plowman"; Cutting of New Mexico, "a blue-blooded buccaneer"; Couzens of Michigan, "the 'scab' millionaire"; Dill of Washington, "the home town boy who made good"; Wheeler, "Montana maverick"; Nye of North Dakota, "a village Greeley"; Costigan of Colorado, "a dynamic idealist"; and Brookhart of Iowa, "an articulate Arcadian."

In accordance with the implication of most of these tags the treatment of the men to whom they are attached is extremely friendly. Their virtues are praised to the skies and their faults are minimized. Their opponents, on the contrary, are subjected to the opposite method. In a volume dealing with men who are held up to admiration for their independence of partisanship, this display of partisanship is particularly incongruous. Brookhart arouses less enthusiasm in the breasts of his biographers than any of his fellows, as is fitting, since even his own Iowa has tired of him at last. Not until page 250 is there a criticism which would have been made with better grace at the outset. The charm of Senator Dill, "this 'practical' Progressive," we are told, "lies in his completely frank admission that he adjusts his political sails to the veering winds." A few lines below is this burst of candor: "Yet in cold judgment it is possible that he trims no more than most of his Progressive colleagues. The difference is that Dill admits it." Despite exaggerations, amounting to occasional misstatement of fact, into which the partisanship of the authors carries them, their book is a well-informed and entertaining presentation of one of the most colorful parts of the Washington scene.

Writing recently of the late R. Brimley Johnson, the London *Mercury* said:

"One of the most industrious of working men of letters has passed away, at the age of sixty-four, in the person of R. Brimley Johnson. Brimley Johnson was a thin, tight-skinned, donnish Cambridge man who had a devouring passion for literature but no great talent for making a living out of it. For ten years, in the past Yellow-Book era, he ran a small publishing firm; he had the knack of discovering good authors but not the knack of keeping them."

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

INHERITANCE. By PHYLLIS BENTLEY. *Macmillan.*
A novel, in the tradition of the English industrial tale, following the fortunes of a family of cloth manufacturers through several generations.

THIS COUNTRY OF YOURS. By MORRIS MARKEY. *Little, Brown.*
A lively and illuminating portrayal of these United States.

THE LIBERATION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By V. F. CALVERTON. *Scribners.*
A discussion of American literature in the light of recent Marxist criticism.

This Less Recent Book:

ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. SACKVILLE WEST. *Doubleday, Doran.*
A moving novel with old age as its heroine.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXXIII. THE PAIN (*Continued*)

HE pulled out the top drawer, guiltily. Stationery and envelopes in ordered piles; pending correspondence in a manila folder; sharpened pencils; a scrap of gauze which smelled faintly of typewriter oil. A bottle of aspirin tablets was the only admission of human weakness. At this desk lived not Minnie but Miss Hutzler. Then, in a rearward compartment, he saw the stenographic notebook, rolled open to its current page by a rubber band, a pencil tucked ready under the elastic. The last page had been neatly torn out.

This, then, must be his life: estimates, orders, confirmations; telephone and telegraph; patent attorneys and production schedules. It was a good life, too. Uptown, people might bury themselves in the movies, caves of consoling shadow where they forgave, condemned or lusted by phantom proxy. He must concentrate on more tangible facts. Diana was only an ash-tray. That page was torn out.

⁂ ⁂

The light was bright on his desk. He was lost, happily, in checking the month's figures. He did not hear the click of the latch, three rooms away.

"My God, you frightened me!"

He turned quickly; his weight swung back the swivel chair on its hinge. Minnie stood in the doorway.

"I had a little budget-trouble," he said.

"I saw the lights through the door, I thought something was wrong. I pretty nearly called the elevator man to come in with me."

"What are *you* doing here?"

"I wanted to work on that income tax report. I don't think Mr. Gall's got it straight.— I often come in here at night."

"Haven't you anything better to do nights than that?"

She came nearer, looking down at him. The reclining tilt of the chair gave him an air of ease he did not feel. Her face was faintly flushed with outdoor air. Business hung over them both like a cloud of shyness. He felt he ought to struggle up to an erect posture, but the effort was too great.

"How was Washington?" she asked. In that light her eyes were not brown but black, and very large. She was carrying a cardboard portfolio. Business, always business!

"All right," he said slowly. "I'm not sure whether we can get protection on that ink-syphon.—Damn this chair!" He seized the edge of the desk and pulled himself upright.

She looked at him shrewdly. "What's been worrying you? You're tired. Why don't you go home and go to bed?"

Obvious replies to this occurred to him: he checked them; no, he would not appeal for pity.

"I'm sorry I was rude the other day; I mean the dictation. I just wanted to tell you—" He paused; stubbed out his cigar in the ash-tray.

She was taking off her gloves, standing at the corner of the desk. What grotesque children they are, she thought; how they boggle over things that are so simple.

"I nearly sent you a wire to Washington," she said. "Then I didn't think it was right to upset you while you were working. I was going to say *O. K., Minnie.*"

He tossed the portfolio of papers onto the conference table.

"A good business man *would* fall in love with a woman who could make out income tax for him," he said.

"Richard, didn't you know I'm always here when you need me? I thought you didn't want me any more. Why don't you tell me things?" And then (the illusion of woman in her generous mood), "You can tell me anything."

"No, I can't. You don't give me a chance. I was trying to tell you, your eyes are just the color of prune juice.—Have you had dinner?"

"Long ago. It's way past dinner time."

"Is it bed-time?"

"It might be."

"I've almost forgotten what we do when we love each other."

"We go to a hotel. Can't go to the apartment, Peggy's there."

"Can't go to a hotel without a suitcase."

"Ed Furness's sample case is in the other room."

"You had this all thought out."

"I don't tell you all I think."

"We better put something in the suitcase to weight it. Don't want to shock the bell-hop."

"The telephone books."

And so ordered.

Later he said: "Tell me some comedy. I've needed it terribly."

"Is the pain gone?"

"Minnie, Minnie, how much time we've wasted."

XXXIV. ELECTRONS

I WISH I knew more about electricity, Hubbard said. Tension of some mysterious kind seems to encircle people; you can feel it accumulating, until it must discharge: some rending phone call, ripple of lightning farce, or the crude slugs of human speech, burst through the fog of ease. Perhaps man is only a kind of condenser: a Leyden jar with a brass knob for a head. I must look up these things in the Erskine Encyclopædia.

Hubbard had offered several previous metaphors, all perhaps too obviously suggested by his rambles round town. He had said that man's mind was a news-reel theatre, wired for sound; a sightseeing bus with a glass roof. But woman, he insisted, retained more of the privilege of Ancient Lights. I encouraged all these parables, for he was evidently groping for an idea.

My guess is that Richard became polarized, he said. When anything becomes polarized it aligns itself toward the supreme magnetic pole—Sex, I suppose? So it offers less annoyance—and less resistance—to any vagabond induction. Even electrons —is that what they call them nowadays? —obey traffic laws. Red and green, positive and negative, anode and cathode, male and female, whiskey and soda, there's no escape from duality.

Why try to escape it? I said. Jules refilled our glasses.

"At least Minnie might have thought that surrounded by porcelain she was well insulated."

"You couldn't insulate Minnie; even her latch-key had a spark on the end of it. But why surrounded with porcelain?"

"She was in the bath-tub."

⁂ ⁂

It was one of those peaceful Sundays that single women enjoy. Peggy was in Flatbush, and Minnie was revelling in the female Elysium. The weather was dark and wet, no temptation to go out. She spent the morning in bed; served herself one of those comic scrap-lunches (a remnant of creamed chipped beef, a fractured egg that had begun to ooze, half a glass of flat ginger-ale, and three marshmallows) and read pages 316 and 1-85 of a novel. She went through the bureau drawers, did some sewing that Peggy should have done for herself, pressed a skirt, enjoying the warm smell of the ironing board. She smoked many cigarettes, hung up a festoon of long wet stockings on the curtain-rail over the bathtub. It looks like a centipede's Christmas Eve, she thought.

She determined to have a thorough house-cleaning in the bathroom; it was one of those old Greenwich Village wash-chambers which never quite satisfied her. But at least she had the feeling of complete privacy just now, for Mr. Valentine Bertie, the actor who shared it, was away on tour. The high-water mark had been effaced from the tub; the irrelevant shaving utensils were gone from the shelf reserved for him. Even his eye-cup was gone; it was blue; to match his handsome eyes, Peggy suggested. I suppose he has to bathe his eyes, it's the glare of the footlights that's hard on them. Listen, said Minnie, that ham never gets far enough down-stage to have the footlights bother him. He's just a walk-on. She attempted, by calling attention to beard-reapings in the basin and clots of dried lather on the mirror, to disillusion Peggy of romance. Even Mr. Bertie's bottle of scalp-elixir was material for Minnie's comment. He probably wears a toupee. This is a great opportunity for you, Peg; you can see what living with a man is like without even having to listen to him.

But Mr. Bertie was away; they had already almost forgotten he existed.

The climax of a happy female afternoon now approached; after busy and peaceful chores a hot bath. She lay in soak. Perhaps she, too, was polarized; the pleasantest rhythms passed through her. She studied her body with satisfaction, even the features of it she considered comic. It was a graceful body, slight yet moulded in full proportion; what might be the danger points of esthetics—knees, hips, neck, elbows—merited approval. Even her toes pleased her; poor things, they lead a very restricted life, she thought. She tried whether a little soap would remove the faint pink torque of her garters. Perhaps even in the tub Minnie was a trifle businesslike: a woman of thirty (rather over that in fact) may well regard her own physical phenomena without surprise. They had been cordially admired; so much so that she felt a certain detachment. The body, she reflected, is a delightful utility; an instrument for the will. It blesses him who gives and him who takes. She rearranged these pronouns, and laughed. How fine it feels to be naked; why do people make such fuss about it?

Peggy, always forgetful, must have neglected to lock the door into Mr. Bertie's apartment. It opened, and Shad Roe was there.

⁂ ⁂

There was nothing very extraordinary about it, Hubbard explained. Shad was in one of his periods of off-luck. He'd been put out of his room for non-payment of rent. Val Bertie was a friend of his and had left him the key of the apartment in case of emergency.

Shad was at least as much startled as she. His first assumption, not unnatural, was that Mr. Bertie must have given away more than one key.

"Excuse me, sister, didn't know you were there. This is fine: do you come with the apartment?" Then he recognized her. "If it isn't little Minnie, the watchdog of the Flatiron. Slick. Say, darling I can use you."

He lowered the toilet lid, sat on it, and snapped open a cigarette case.

"You look cunning," he observed. "A nice Sunday afternoon scrub, hey? It's good for us all."

Minnie was amazed at the force of her instinctive recoil. Perhaps it's more natural than she had thought to make a fuss about it. But, after a first gasp of dismay, her chief annoyance was to be so bubbly with soap-lather. She stood up calmly, disregarding Shad's gaze of admiration, and pulled the shower-curtains together with a rattling click.

"Now you can just move your carcass out of here till I get dressed."

He lit his cigarette. "What d'you want to get dressed for? I like you fine the way you are."

"You're way ahead of your cue," she said. A white arm reached between the curtains and seized a towel from the rack. Draped in this she stepped out and faced him.

"There are two apartments here," she said, "and they both use the same bath, but not at the same time. If you want to talk, wait till I get some clothes on. You can stay right there if you like it so much."

She took her kimona from the hook and vanished damply into her sitting room. A bolt shot on the inner side, and he heard her voice through the door.

"I'll give you a highball if you like. You probably need it."

What a dame, he said to himself, and thought more respectfully of Richard.

⁂ ⁂

The bathroom encounter was undoubtedly mere accident; but Minnie had anticipated a clash with Shad for some time. Now she was in no hurry; chose a dress she thought well of; lit the candles on the mantel, set out the card table with napkins, a bottle of whiskey, and was cutting some sandwiches when she heard Shad bang the bathroom door.

"Listen, sweetheart, did you forget that highball?" he was saying.

"Go round the other way," she replied. "Guests usually arrive by the front door."

She waited until he tapped at the brass knocker, and admitted him with polite formality.

"So this is the little hideaway," he said. "Very nice. What a piece of luck to run into you like this! It'll be nice to be neighbors—such intimate neighbors, too. What time do you take your bath in the morning?"

"Have a drink," she suggested. "It'll bring out some of your natural good manners."

He helped himself liberally.

"Thanks. I sure needed it. And a sandwich, too. I hope you won't be so upstage with me after this."

Minnie was too shrewd to antagonize him unnecessarily. She and the distiller between them — a potent pair—could surely find out what was on his mind.

"Business is one thing, this is another," she said smoothly. It gave her a queer twinge to see him there, so almost like Richard, but with Richard's simple frankness sharpened to a hard foxlike grin.

"I like this better. As a matter of fact he owes it all to me. Did he ever tell you it was really me who started him on the downward path?"

She took a sip of whiskey to conceal the anger that was beginning to turn like nausea in her stomach.

"Are you speaking of your brother?" she said.

"Sure; who else? Richard Roe, Stationery Specialties. Does he come down here on a rainy Sunday afternoon?"

"He's never been here in his life."

"Now listen, darling, don't quibble with me. Here or elsewhere, what does it matter? I know the situation well enough. Why else did you think I spent my time buying drinks for your little chatterbox Hoyle?"

Minnie visualized him playing on Jenny's love of frolic, winding unnoticed suggestions into the talk, cunningly fishing in her naive ripple of chatter.

"Well, Peeping Tom, what of it? Let's have another drink."

"I knew you'd be sensible. I don't care how he spends his spare time. Here's the point: he's making money and I'm on the beach. He does whatever you tell him. Make him shell out, or I'll start trouble for him at home."

There was a silence. Every electron urged her to say, Make trouble and be damned to you. Oh, if he only would! Richard might then be hers entirely; not by poor surreptitious evasion but in fulness and in fact. The Richard none knew as well as she, to fortify and cherish.

Shad misunderstood her pause.

"When I say trouble I mean real trouble, with lawyers 'n' everything. It'll break him all up; he's soft; not the kind that can take it on the chin. He's not tough, like folks; like you and me."

"Nice brotherly disposition you have," she suggested. "Regular Cain and Abel stuff."

"I got my reasons. I'm good and tired seeing him strutting in to his damn pen and ink works while I'm panhandling White Rats for a lunch. He can come across; he can afford to."

"Well, I'll think it over," she said with apparent carelessness. "Here's to crime."

"Down the drain," he replied. "I give this Scotch a big hand. You act almost like a white woman when you come down off the high horse."

"I'm glad you tipped me off."

"It stands to reason, darling, you got your own pitch, you don't want it queered."

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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ASPECTS OF RELIGION

Sub Specie Saeculorum

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN ENGLAND FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By W. K. JORDAN. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by PRESERVED SMITH

THOSE whose nerves are suffering from an overdose of the stimulant of science, or of the drug of depression, should turn to history for a mild restorative, alike tonic and sedative. Looking at the world *sub specie sæculorum* has much the same calming effect that Spinoza found in looking at it *sub specie æternitatis*. In recent years, especially, history has penetrated deep beneath the superficial phenomena, which Gibbon characterized as "the crimes, the follies, and the misfortunes of mankind," to the underlying causes of the ills of society and to the record of the cure of many of them. Not battle, murder, and the *coup d'état*, but the growth of rationalism, tolerance, liberty, and science, and the decline of superstition, credulity, and cruelty are the subjects most eagerly studied by the more progressive historians of today.

Among the large number of works on the growth of religious freedom Mr. Jordan's monograph is one of the best. It was probably begun as a doctor's thesis for, in its accumulation of new fact, it bears the marks of that *genre* that is mocked only by those who do not know its monumental contributions to the cause of learning. But, if begun as an academic dissertation, in its present form the monograph under review has been ripened by long labor and fruitful meditation. Every reader will admire both the large erudition that has uncovered and analyzed so many obscure documents and the philosophic grasp that has reduced the multifarious data to manageable order.

The author begins by defining his terms. "Toleration" is "a refraining from persecution." Liberty of conscience, on the other hand, implies religious equality and "the theory that the state assumes no responsibility for thoughts or beliefs." "Tolerance" is the philosophical attitude that enables a man to hear gladly one whom he believes to be in error. Though this last shades into the skeptical attitude of mind, the author protests that it is not due entirely to indifference. His main problem, indeed, is to discover why persecution declined more rapidly than skepticism gained ground, in sixteenth century England. While England was still not only a believing but an almost bigoted nation, she learned at least the rudiments of toleration. The reasons for this the author shows to be first the perception of the dangers inherent in persecution. Before the Reformation broke the unity of the faith it was commonly believed that diversity of religion was dangerous to the state; a half century of experience proved the persecution of strong groups to be more dangerous. Second, the secularization of politics which laid emphasis on the temporal rather than on the spiritual interests of society. Third, the multiplication of minority groups, and their increasing share in political power, that made their suppression ever more difficult. Fourth, economic interests found to be hurt by persecution. Fifth, travel and exploration, which broadened the mind and the sympathies of the governing classes. Sixth, the cheapening of books due to the invention of printing, and the consequent education of public opinion. And seventh, the reformation, which, while temporarily inflaming confessional passions, undermined the doctrine of absolute and ascertainable truth so essential to fortify the conscience of the inquisitor.

Many readers will find in the wealth of detail an even higher value than in the elucidation of large forces. Never was there a more careful, a more penetrating, or a more interesting investigation of so many of the best minds of sixteenth century England. Every shade of opinion, of the Anglicans of the various types of Dissenters, of the skeptics, and of the politicians, is nicely and powerfully evaluated. Much that is new and excellent has been here written on such well worn subjects as Sir Thomas More and Hooker, and Browne; much of even higher value is offered on important, but neglected persons, such as Acontius and Turner and Atkinson.

The only weakness of the book is that lack of a classical education which the author himself regretfully admits. This has cramped his use of Latin sources, and has disfigured his quotations from that language in the cases when he cannot avoid it, as in giving titles. In these the Latin words are sometimes badly mauled. In other places the Latin and vernacular forms of proper names are mixed, as in Lelio Socinus, Alberico Gentilis, and Gisberti Voetius. The bibliography is full and well chosen, though one or two valuable works have been overlooked.

Preserved Smith, professor of history at Cornell University, is one of the most eminent authorities in the country on the period of the Reformation. Among his books are "The Age of the Reformation," "A Critical Study of Luther's Table Talk," and "Erasmus."

Spiritualism

THE DRAMA OF LIFE AFTER DEATH. By GEORGE LAWTON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY

THIS study of the spiritualist religion forms another of the excellent works in the "American Religious Series." The author writes from a critical standpoint, defining mythologies as the day dreams of the human race, and spiritualism as containing nothing more incredible than do other faiths. The spiritual world here described is taken from such American authors as Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer, who writes in a fashion as quaint as the old prints given in this work. Swedenborg is presented as the father of modern spiritualism, but more is needed as to the sources of this movement. Back of the Swedish seer lies the whole celestial hierarchy of the pseudo-Dionysius with its Neo-Platonic trimmings, but American spiritualism, which was started by the Fox sisters and developed by Davis, presents a more materialistic scheme than the conventional ecclesiastical heavenly abode.

Besides the geography the psychology of the American cult is more materialistic than that of the orthodox church. It not only repeats the New Testament division of body, soul, and spirit, but insists that the soul is material, much as Rohde has pointed out in his studies of primitive magic. Yet the American cult has brought its views up to date by referring trance messages to the ether waves of the radio and telekinesis to the space of Einstein. It would have been well, however, to have pointed out that the appeal in early American spiritualism to vital electricity and vibrations was due to Franklin's experiments and to Hartley's observations. Nevertheless, an interesting point is made that modern spiritualists, such as Myers, Hyslop, and William James, have used as their background the panpsychist philosophy, especially that of Fechner.

Further sources of the system are correctly given as due to the reaction against Puritanism with its doctrines of damnation and special election which brought about the contrary doctrines of the sinlessness of man and the salvation of the individual self by its own efforts.

The more original part of this work lies in its use of abnormal psychology. Thus the trance with its unconsciousness is said to be due to cerebral anemia in the drawing of blood away from the brain. In this condition psychological inhibitions are broken down, and memories, visions, and wishes, long gestating in the unconsciousness, are born into the world. In this connection it is found that many spiritualists have been youthful day-dreamers, the imaginary playmates of their childhood turning into the visions of the elect in the spiritual world. Thus mediums, suffering from inferiority complexes, gain great satisfaction in fraternizing with the celebrated. From this and a study of a series of "credo-graphs," the author concludes that the ministers of spiritualism are "as limited in intelligence as they are unlimited in ignorance."

Toward Liberalism

PIETY VERSUS MORALISM, The Passing of the New England Theology. By JOSEPH HAROUTUNIAN. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by WILLARD L. SPERRY

THIS is the fourth volume in the American Religious Series. It elaborates at length a restricted portion of the history of the religious life of New England which has been dealt with more briefly in the first and wholly admirable volume in this series, Professor Schneider's "The Puritan Mind."

It is well to explain the title at once. "Piety" is that type of elder Calvinistic religion which defended the love of God for God's own glory. "Moralism" is our newer religion which seeks and finds its sufficient occasion in the furtherance of human happiness. The volume in hand is an account of the collision in New England, between the middle of the eighteenth and the middle of the nineteenth centuries, of these two rival interpretations of religion, and the record of the tentative triumph of Moralism over Piety.

The truth is that their hereditary Calvinism, which the New England churches had brought with them to the Colonies, became increasingly incompatible with those democratic ideas which issued in the American Revolution and which were built into our whole political fabric. Religion requires a doctrine of man as well as a doctrine of God, and each theological doctrine of God is to some degree conditioned by the dominant cultural facts in a given circumstance. Calvinism served well enough to interpret, by inference, the life and lot of those who had lived in a feudal world, but it was not suggested by a democratic society and became in such a society both an anomaly and an anachronism. The country could not remain "Calvinist on Sundays and eighteenth century rationalist on weekdays," and Channing was right in insisting that Calvinism was not congruous with the emerging Americanism of his day.

The main body of this volume is a scrupulously patient rehearsal of the logical process by which the elder religion of the Colonies was transmitted into liberalism. For those who enjoy the sword-play of swift and subtle dialectic these pages are filled with dramatic interest. Mr. Haroutunian has not let us off too easily; his protagonists were rigorous with themselves, and we cannot hope to understand them without being willing to follow them closely. The warrant for his occasional, illuminating verdict upon the fortunes of this ruthless duel of minds lies in his generous candor in quoting his sources. He lets the great figures of the controversy speak for themselves, and his own studied silences, while the argument is in process, make his final judgment the more significant.

A prophecy as to the religion of the future does not fall within the scope of this volume. Yet Mr. Haroutunian gives us some intimation that he does not think the tale is ended. The victorious champions of Moralism were, he tells us in the last chapter of the book, great optimists. Yet in his preface, which, like so many prefaces, is his sober second thought on what he has done, he says that

> Piety is not dead. So long as the sense of the tragedy of life persists and can be transformed into victory over the world, there will be the essence of Calvinism. The optimism and humanism of the nineteenth century have already lost their rational quality. A post-modern mind is already in the making. It feels itself to be in an alien world.

Victorious Moralism would seem to be, therefore, not the beloved city at the end of the road, but merely one of those houses by the side of the road, where man has found temporary spiritual shelter. What form a new piety may take the author wisely does not attempt to prophesy. The forms of that piety lie beyond our present wit or imagining, even though its time seems to be imminent.

Willard L. Sperry is dean of the Theological School of Harvard University and of the National Council on Religion in Higher Education. He was for many years pastor of the Central Church, Boston.

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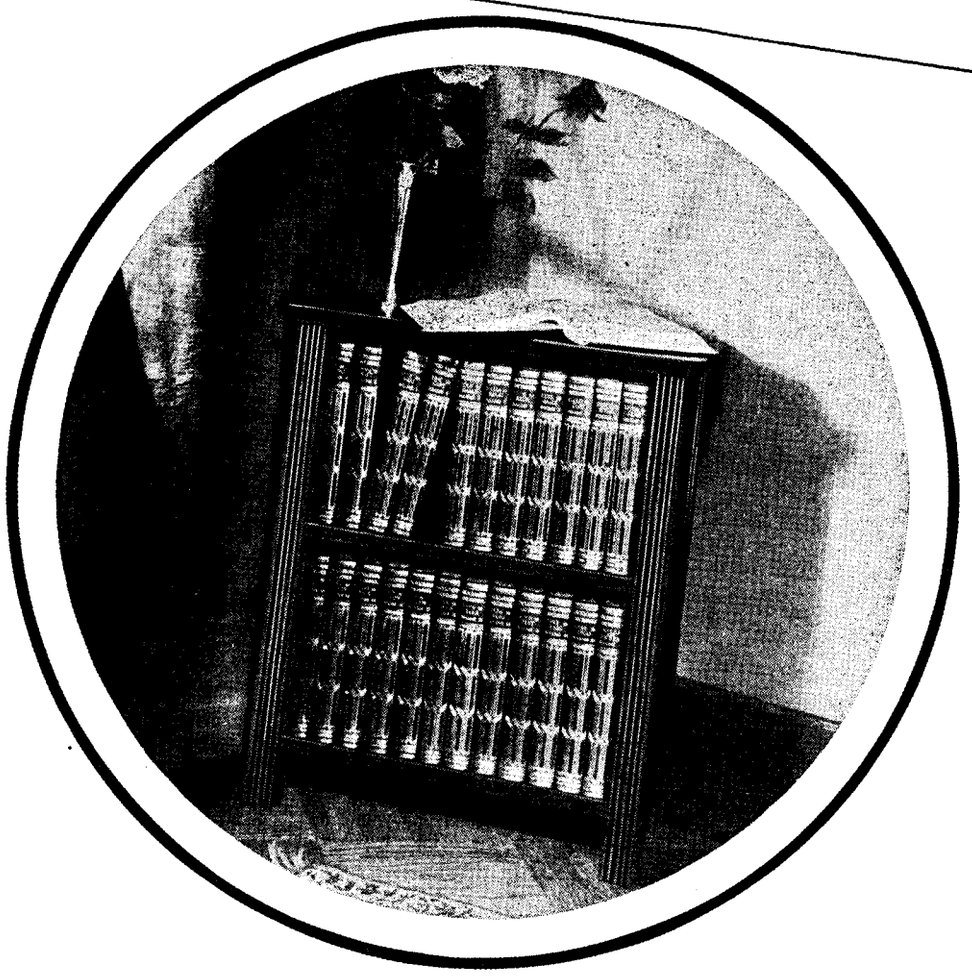

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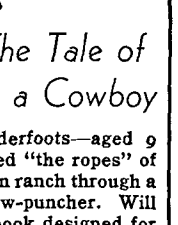

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The Past of Central America

PEDRO DE ALVARADO, CONQUISTADOR. By JOHN EOGHAN KELLY. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS

IN spite of the very favorable first impression which it makes this book is, on the whole, a disappointment. Chapters I to VI cover Alvarado's career from his birth in 1485 to his going to Guatemala in 1523, his antecedents and early years down to his arrival in America in 1510 being very sketchily treated. The remainder of "Part One" is an account of the conquest of Mexico by Cortes and his myrmidons. In that conquest Alvarado was second only to Cortes; but this little fact is hardly thrown into proper relief by Mr. Kelly who, in one long stretch scarcely mentions his hero. Later, however, Alvarado receives more nearly his due share of attention, and thereafter he is more or less prominent on the printed page.

"Part Two," Chapters VII to XII, deals with Alvarado from the time when he became a Conquistador in Guatemala until his death. This part of the book is far better than the earlier one, Chapter VII to IX being particularly well worth reading. Chapter X, which relates Alvarado's invasion of Quito and Peru, is the least praiseworthy part of Mr. Kelly's book. It is full of errors of fact, such as making Enríquez de Guzmán—who lived long and energetically in Peru and in Spain—die of hunger while Alvarado's forces were marching on Quito; such, again, as putting Vilcas—in central Peru—in what is now central Ecuador; such, finally, as making Benalcazar—a captain in command of a small garrison—into a Governor. For the rest, this chapter suffers from being based chiefly on Milla's "Historia de la América Central" which, however excellent an authority it may be for Central American history, is certainly not an important authority for South American history. True, Mr. Kelly refers also to Humboldt, to Prescott, and to Markham, but far too sparingly. But he does not mention Cieza de León, Pedro Pizarro, or any other of the best source materials for Alvarado's adventures in South America. Chapters XI and XII, dealing with Alvarado's last years and with events after his death in 1541, are much better than Chapter X—very good, in fact. True, Mr. Kelly persists in calling Valladolid "Villadolid"; but this is fully compensated for by the really excellent and moving account of Alvarado's death.

Perhaps the best point about this book is that it contains English versions of documents written by Alvarado. From page 134 to page 150 we have two letters written to Cortes in 1524, translations of which—here reproduced by Mr. Kelly—were published by the Cortes Society in 1925; and in Appendix C we have a letter of 1534 and another of 1535 from Alvarado to Charles V concerning the Quito adventure. Finally, in Appendix D we find an English version of the contract between Alvarado and Almagro. According to Mr. Kelly this document is dated August 26, 1534; but Mr. William Adams Slade, of the Library of Congress, in a careful account of Mr. E. S. Harkness's rich gift of MSS to that Library, gives the date as August 6th.

In undertaking to write a biography of Alvarado Mr. Kelly had an opportunity to give the world a truly distinguished piece of historical and biographical writing. He has failed, in large measure, to take advantage of the opportunity. The reasons for his failure are not difficult to find: He seems to be very weak in Castilian, as is indicated by his rough handling of Spanish names, to none of which does he give the proper diacritical marks; still worse is his very apparent deficiency in bibliographical knowledge. For instance, although he often cites the "Five Letters of Cortes to Charles V" and Diaz del Castillo's "True History of the Conquest of New Spain," he makes no reference to the best editions of either work. For Cortes Mr. Kelly cites imperfectly an edition in Spanish and also Folsom's long outmoded edition of Letters II to V; but he does not mention F. A. MacNutt's splendid English translation, richly annotated, of all five letters. Again, he cites incompletely and vaguely French, English, and Spanish editions of Diaz del Castillo, but neither Genaro Garcia's fine edition of the work in Spanish nor the magnificent English translation of it by the late Alfred Percival Maudslay (Hakluyt Society, London, 1908-1916, 5 vols.) is referred to by Mr. Kelly, albeit, on page 118, he speaks of "Maudsley," so that one hopes that he will eventually discover Maudslay's scholarly edition of Diaz.

One gathers that Mr. Kelly has travelled widely in Guatemala during some ten years and that he finished this book in May, 1931. It is an immense pity that he did not spend at least two years more upon his job in order to deepen and widen his knowledge. Had he, for example, studied at least some of the works mentioned in Maudslay's masterly bibliography (in the first volume of Diaz) and various other source materials, he might have given us a book infinitely superior to this one.

Philip Ainsworth Means was director of the Museum of Archæology in Lima, Peru, 1920-21, and associate professor in anthropology at the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, from 1921-27. He has travelled extensively for scientific purposes in South America and written much upon it.

The Mayas of Yucatan

PEOPLE OF THE SERPENT. By EDWARD H. THOMPSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $3.50.

FOR very many years Edward Herbert Thompson, formerly of Chichen Itzá and of The Peabody Museum, Harvard University, has been a personality of importance for all of us who have studied the archæology and history of the Mayas of Yucatan. He is, in fact, one of the Elder Statesmen of American archæology. Now, after some years of retirement from active work, Mr. Thompson gives us a profoundly interesting volume compounded of a nice mixture of fact, fancy, and reminiscence. The fancy element is the most subtle one in this brew, being difficult to detect at times and, possibly, present therein without the compounder's full knowledge. It draws itself to one's attention comparatively rarely, in certain passages where the romantic figure of Dr. Traprock flits through one's mind as he reads. On the whole, however, Mr. Thompson's book is perfectly serious, entirely charming, and often wildly exciting.

It is divided into three parts, each of which has ten or eleven chapters. Conspicuously absorbing even in a book which has, for the properly prepared reader, no dull passages, are certain chapters among which may be mentioned the following: Part I, Chapter III, wherein the early history of the native folk of America—particularly they of Yucatan—and the advent of the White Man among them are briefly but impressively outlined; Chapters VII and VIII, in which it is shown how the modern Mayas tend to give a practical turn to religion, both pagan and Christian, in solving various problems set for them by nature; Chapter IX, which, all too briefly, relates the little-understood history of the Chanes—The People of the Serpent—from the time of their mystery-enshrouded arrival at Tamoanchan (near Tampico) to their conquest by the Spaniards. In Part II the material is chiefly biographical and anecdotal, the most exciting of the anecdotes being the battle with a rattlesnake in a well and the wild ride in a *volan* (Yucatecan carriage). In Part III the interest falls principally on Chichan Itzá, the City of the Sacred Well, which for years belonged to Mr. Thompson. There, as he tells us, the New Empire civilization of the Mayas reached its highest development, and there, later on, Spanish rule was established by means of an amusing bit of skullduggery involving the transformation of a Maya temple into a Spanish castle. Chapters VIII and IX of Part III give a fascinating account of Mr. Thompson's exploration of the Sacred Well at Chichen Itzá.

Archæological and historical information, folklore, data on animal and plant life, exciting adventure, all these are in this book, the whole being lit by the radiance of a delightful personality. Mr Thompson labored with abundant success during many years, impressing his character indelibly on Yucatan archæology, a science which, as he says enthusiastically, is now being pushed ahead by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, which has leased his great estate of Chichen Itzá and is nobly "Carrying on."

Fergus Hume, author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," died recently. The book appeared in 1887, and nearly 600,000 copies were sold.

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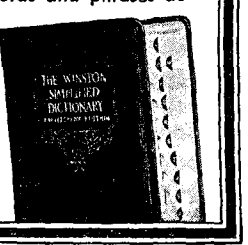

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

SIDELIGHTS: on New London and Newer York; and other Essays. By G. K. CHESTERTON. Dodd, Mead. 1932. $2.50.

Authorship, rather more than other industries, is subject to the law of diminishing returns. When a man has been writing as long and as successfully as Mr. Chesterton his readers are likely to know in advance just about what he will say on any subject, and how he will say it. You will find no surprises in this book, though you can read some sound observations on the advantage of decorum and proportion in social life, on the poisonous effect of American booster optimism, and the refreshing shock to a European of the equalitarianism of American small towns. (This equalitarianism has its seamier side, but that is not likely to be thrust on the attention of a visiting foreign writer.) It may be impertinent to say that the style grows wearisome; but certainly all that Mr. Chesterton had to say this time could have been said as well in one tenth the space.

The best of the twenty-eight essays, to this reviewer's taste, is the only one for which the author felt compelled to apologize in his preface—"The Spirit of the Age in Literature." This "universal and devastating title," as Mr. Chesterton calls it, was apparently wished on him by the editors of a symposium; but it is a very penetrating, sound, and lucid analysis of the spirit of the age in literature none the less, and what its shamefaced author calls its "simple and didactic style" is a refreshing relief after the customary conscientious heaping up of paradoxes.

Biography

SCHOPENHAUER: His Life and Philosophy. By HELEN ZIMMERN. Scribners. 1932.

The call for a new and revised edition of this work, first published in 1876, is a testimonial to the enduring quality of Schopenhauer's popular appeal. It is, and was designed to be, in the nature of an introduction to its subject. Three-fourths of the book is devoted to his unusually interesting life—unusual, at least, for a philosopher—and the remainder to an exposition and analysis of his work. The entire book makes up only 186 pages. The biographical portion is accurate, so far as it goes, but is decidedly incomplete. Considering the importance of sex, and of the venereal disease from which he suffered, in Schopenhauer's career, as well as the relevance of Freudian analysis in his particular case, it is inexcusable to dismiss the whole matter in a mealy-mouthed paragraph which really says no more than its opening sentence, "Schopenhauer led no saintly ascetic life, nor did he pretend to this eminence." Such Victorian reticences are particularly out of place when dealing with a man whose reputation for outspokenness constitutes one of his chief attractions for the average reader. The portion of the book devoted to his philosophy will be useful enough for those who have never studied the subject and desire to be led by easy and sympathetic stages to an understanding of Schopenhauer's main ideas.

Fiction

STALLION FROM THE NORTH. By THOMAS ROURKE. Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Mr. Rourke belongs to the stark school of fiction writers, both in themes and in style; he is pretty good, but if he were less stark he would be better. The reduction of everything to words of one syllable and to sentences so short as to need no commas is certainly an error in the right direction, but an error none the less. Mr. Hemingway, who first set the vogue of this sort of thing, does it better; while Mr. Rourke may not have played the sedulous ape to Hemingway, it looks as if he had, and purely for the sake of his effect on his readers he might better cultivate a somewhat more individual mode of writing.

For while none of the dozen short stories in this volume is as good as his novel of last season, "Thunder Below," they all have merit, and would gladden the hearts of magazine editors if they did not deal with such themes as homosexuality, incest, castration, etc., which make an occasional return to mere adultery seem like the drawing of a prudish veil. Like the novel, they treat of life along the southern shore of the Caribbean, and usually of the doings of American engineers marooned in those parts; these expatriates are perhaps not virile (or equine) enough to justify the irrelevant title, but Mr. Rourke knows how they feel and how they act and can make you care about them. He could make you care more if he were not so mortally afraid of commas and polysyllables; the "'What the hell!' I said" that is the climax of the first and best story in the volume hardly seems the most felicitous formula to produce the effect that the author aimed at, and the story deserves. Understatement is harder to carry to excess than overstatement, but it can be done; and it is a pity when so gifted a writer as Mr. Rourke does it.

THE LAST OF WISDOM. By ELEANOR CHASE. Sears. 1932. $2.

In the town of Eden, Wisconsin (which appears to be Oshkosh, in so far as it is any one town at all), the Fordyces were the big family, and old Tom Bannister had been the local ne'er-do-well. A story strung together on the theme of the love of Kerry Bannister, old Tom's son, for Jessica Fordyce, the Senator's granddaughter, offers plenty of opportunity both for hackneyed melodrama and for original drama; but Miss Chase subordinates all that to her picture of town life and of characters who are likely to amuse you, even if they are types rather than people. The young lovers never quite come to life, but there is plenty of melodrama in the story of the love of Harlow Fordyce, who was about to marry the suitable Mildred Tracey, for Lutie Cram, who was not suitable at all. Kerry Bannister's repeated self-sacrificing interference in this affair hardly seems adequately motivated; but at any rate the motivation is not banal.

More than once Miss Chase leads you to expect banality, in character and in action, but always deftly swerves away from it at the last moment; it is a question if, purely as a matter of showmanship, she would not have been better advised to evade the suspicion. The best feature of the book, by all odds, is Miss Mahaila Fordyce, the aunt of Harlow and Jessica, a cantankerous but kind-hearted old maid continually tumbling headlong into some new religion and tumbling, as suddenly, out of it. (One could predict that she will end as a Catholic, and probably an Anglo-Catholic.) Thus briefly described, Mahaila may sound like a type; but she is an individualized and amusing personality, the brightest spot in a story which from page to page alternately seems worse and better than it really is.

WATERFRONT MARK. By JOHN V. CRAVEN. Knopf. 1932. $2.

Three hours spent in the company of a dull and disagreeable person is time wasted in this short life, even if the dull and disagreeable person is only a character in a book. There are disagreeable characters who are amusing or fascinating (in fiction), but Mr. Craven's hero is merely a drunken, roughneck bore of the sort we all avoid whenever we can. No doubht he has meant to be more than that. Link Raleigh was the son of a good (or at least wealthy) family on the Main Line west of Philadelphia, kicked out by his father after a youthful escapade. He ran away to sea, and after four years in the merchant marine and on the waterfront of the ports where sailors spend their money he came back home to inherit his father's fortune and marry the girl who had always loved him. But the waterfront had put its mark on him; bored by life ashore, he eventually went back to sea, only to discover that memory of his wife made him about as uncomfortable on the waterfront as he had been on the Main Line.

Thus summarized, the book might be taken as a tract on the demoralizing influence of a sailor's life; but as Mr. Craven draws him, Link Raleigh would have been no good anywhere, ashore or afloat. Even on the waterfront he seems to have been singularly disagreeable, and it is hard to believe that he was any better before his

(*Continued on next page*)

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Of this book it was said, "Here is England—body and soul . . . a memorable adventure in the romantic spirit."

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SEPT 24

Next week, September 24th, THE SATURDAY REVIEW will publish CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S account of his recent visit to THE WHITE HOUSE. Under the title

What the President Reads

Mr. Morley tells us of the surprise and good fortune which took Mrs. Morley and himself to Washington as the guests of the President and Mrs. Hoover. This is not merely an article on the President's tastes in reading but also a penetrating character study of Mr. Hoover and one of the few intimate White House interiors that have been authorized in print.

The Saturday Review of Literature

25 West 45th Street - New York, N. Y.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

father kicked him out than after four years at sea. However, Mr. Craven is worth watching, if he gets hold of a topic less wearisome to the reader; his secondary characters are all well done (except for a nymphomaniac so unconvincing that she must have been drawn from life), and his style, though obviously inspired by Hemingway, is individual and effective. He can say much in little, and it is a pity that most of the book is given over to a protagonist who says little in much. Also Mr. Hergesheimer, whose protégé the author seems to be, might have told him that a dozen Anglo-Saxon monosyllables judiciously distributed are more effective than a double handful sprinkled over every page.

THE TENTH MOON. By DAWN POWELL. Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

Miss Powell chooses to employ her talents this time on a theme more interesting to the technician than to the general reader; you may admire the way she does it without being persuaded that it was worth doing at all. Constance Benjamin had been for fifteen years the wife of the cobbler in a little town—numbed, all that time, by the shock of the disaster that had ended her girlhood and left her adrift for Gus Benjamin to pick up because he needed a wife. But before the disaster she had known luxury and had had hope of being a singer; and the memories of her contacts, however tangent, with art and what is known as "culture" revived when Blaine Decker came to town to teach music in the public schools. For Decker was another like herself—an ineffectual near-musician with a smattering of cosmopolitan memories; and each began to recreate for the other the great world, the world of art—with hopes and imaginings set forth, and accepted as reality; and Louisa Murrell, another school teacher, as the admiring and all-credulous audience.

What was drawing these two together was soon obvious enough, even to them; but each of them resolutely thrust it into the background and kept it there. To concede that they were attracted as man and woman and that their emotion could have been discharged in an ordinary human satisfaction would have destroyed the dream world each had built for the other, the only thing that made life worth living. These are not important people and the theme, once stated and recognized, is no longer particularly interesting. But it is unusual and difficult, and except for a single lapse—Constance's meeting with her girlhood lover—Miss Powell has handled it faultlessly. Contemporary literature deals largely with neurotics but she has had the originality to invent a novel set of neurotics, and to contrast them effectively with the normal people about them—Gus and Helen Benjamin, Miss Manning, the other schoolteachers. And she knows the life of a small town as a fish knows water.

Miscellaneous

SMASH THE POLITICAL MACHINE. By HAROLD ROWNTREE and BEATRICE MCCREE. Brentano's. 1932. $2.

Since in the end the authors of this book rest their hope for political improvement upon the independent voter, they would have done well to give details about the power the independent voter has displayed in national, State, and city elections. A few of the outstanding instances of this display would have filled space to much better advantage than the protracted recital of familiar grievances and would also have constituted a much more cogent appeal for independent voting than any amount of hortatory injunction. It is advisable to realize, too, that the problem of good government is only half solved when the political machine has been thrown on the scrap-heap.

MAKING A PRESIDENT. By H. L. MENCKEN. Knopf. 1932. $1.50.

Under a title which might have served Nan Britton, Mr. Knopf presents Mr. Mencken's reports of the Republican and Democratic conventions of last summer, as sent to the *Baltimore Sun*, with an introductory article from the *Mercury* on national conventions in general, and the political situation at the end of spring. For the devout this will be a required item; people who must consider a reprint of three-months-old newspaper stories as reading matter may feel as Dr. Johnson did about the woman preaching and the dog walking on its hind legs. Mencken's convention stories were interpretive and editorial rather than any attempt at covering routine news. Even so, a good deal of the book is inevitably only news that is already three months old; but the editorial comment (including the *Mercury* article) is still valid, still good sense, and still excellent writing. A preface gives the layman some account of the conditions under which convention reporters must work, and may contribute to excuse their errors; the author candidly leaves all his mistaken prophecies in the book as he set them down three months ago, but they are fewer and less serious than those of most political writers.

A COLLECTOR'S COMMENT ON HIS FIRST EDITIONS OF THE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By WILLIAM C. VAN ANTWERP. San Francisco: Gelber, Lilienthal. 1932. $7.50.

"Books once were men," read the noble legend on George Barr McCutcheon's bookplate, and to no creative genius can the aphorism be applied more fittingly than to Sir Walter Scott. The condition makes Scott an ideal collector's author, but another condition, alas, goes far toward nullifying the ideal "Waverley" itself, the door to the whole grand edifice, is excessively difficult to come by in its earliest state. Mr. Van Antwerp, in preparing his fine and useful memorial to Scott, now issued in the year that marks the passage of a century since his death, attempted to make a census of surviving copies in the original boards, and has certainly come as near success as is at present possible. He reports eleven, of which two are in England, three in Scotland, and six in the United States (three of the six are in California). Only three of the eleven (one in England and two in the United States) are in institutional collections.

Mr. Van Antwerp's own collection includes one of the eleven, as well as another first "Waverley" which, though not in boards, is of more impressive bibliographic significance and sentimental importance than any of its superficially more notable brethren. This is the dedication copy to Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling"—not, indeed, inscribed to Mackenzie by Scott, for the name of the author was a well-guarded secret, but inscribed by Mackenzie.

Mr. Van Antwerp's modestly-titled venture in intelligent enthusiasm is an admirable companion volume to Greville Worthington's "Bibliography of the Waverley Novels," issued a year ago, which it properly and skilfully seeks to supplement rather than to duplicate. It is much more than a mere bibliographic pendant, however; it is an important contribution to Scott bibliography in its own right. A particularly valuable element in the scheme is the disclosure of the whereabouts of the original manuscript that accompanies each description—an idea worth general adoption.

THE UNDERWORLD OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By *Fletcher Dobyns*. Dobyns, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE BITTEL RAPE CASE. By *Sterling P. King*. David Publishing Co., 4320 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. $1.

CAN YOU DRAW IT? Compiled by *Grace Allen*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

ON THE MEANING OF LIFE. By *Will Durant*. Long & Smith. $1.50.

Pamphlet

GRAFT. By *Edward Lodge Curran*. New York: The Paulist Press. 10 cents.

HOW SHOULD LABOR VOTE? By *Katherine H. Pollak* and *David J. Saposs*. Brookwood, Inc.

WILLIAM COWPER. By *Lord David Cecil*. English Association.

DOCTRINAL TERMS IN AELFRIC'S HOMILIES. By *Nelius O. Halvorson*. University of Iowa

Poetry

MIXED CARGO. By *Maurice Allen*. San Diego, Calif.: Torry Pine Press. $2.

AN "OBJECTIONIST'S" ANTHOLOGY. Edited by *Louis Zukofsky*. P. O. Box 3, Station F, New York City: To Publishers, $1 net.

FAITHFUL ADELAIDE. By *Henry Brenner*. St. Meinrad, Ind.: The Raven.

Religion

THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL AND SOCIAL CONTROL. By *Francis J. McCornell*. University of Chicago Press. $1.75.

ROMANCES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. By *Dallas Lore Sharp*. Abingdon Press. $1.50.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF GOETHE. By *Charles E. Cooledge*. Stratford. $1.

A BUDDHIST BIBLE. Edited by *Dwight Goddard*. Thatford, Vt.

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Points of View

Gulliver and Yahoos

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am sorry that my removal to Germany delayed my perusal of Mr. Bonner's lesson on Swift. I am equally sorry that my reply will be further delayed, because Mr. Bonner will perhaps have forgotten the whole business.

However, perhaps you will permit me to point out that Mr. Bonner has fallen into an old, old trap: one into which even the wariest fall easily. He has confused Gulliver with Swift. We have a good deal of what Gulliver says on all sorts of subjects; and usually what he said is regarded as the utterance of a character in a satire. But Mr. Bonner, like some other people, takes Gulliver's word as gospel as soon as he opens the voyage to the Houyhnhnms. I feel reasonably sure that what Gulliver says on the subject of his noble native land in the earlier voyages would never appeal to Mr. Bonner as Swift's personal opinion. Why, then, does Mr. Bonner quote Gulliver against me when I am talking about Swift?

Gulliver's opinions on Houyhnhnms and Yahoos are hardly to be commended for clarity. In the first place, in spite of all that Mr. Bonner says and quotes to the contrary, the Houyhnhnms did not regard Gulliver as a Yahoo. They called him a Yahoo because he looked like a Yahoo; but his master, who knew him, did not treat him at all like a Yahoo. One has but to compare the treatment Gulliver received from the Houyhnhnms with that which the Yahoos received, to understand that the Houyhnhnms who knew Gulliver at all regarded him as of quite another type. He looked like a Yahoo, to be sure; and sometimes he acted like one; but he had other qualities which even the prejudiced Houyhnhnms could see.

Even today, in enlightened circles, it is customary to judge by exteriors, and to wonder that intelligence can dwell in a body that experiences passions.

Mr. Bonner points out that Swift endows the Yahoos with all evil human characteristics. True: but he does not endow them with any good ones. And that is why I say that Gulliver was never meant to be a Yahoo. Gulliver misunderstood his own situation: he never saw that the very power he had to differentiate the evil characteristics of the Yahoos from the good ones of the Houyhnhnms, that this very disgust with sheer bestiality, set him off from the Yahoos. But Swift saw it, of course. If he had not seen it, he would have made Gulliver a Yahoo; as it is, he makes him more than a beast.

Gulliver, much too much impressed with the absurd conduct of the Houyhnhnms, loses his balance, and proceeds to make himself miserable by drizzling a part of his heritage over his soul. He wants to be sheer intellect and proper behavior, like the talking horses; but he cannot be, because he has passions and emotions like the Yahoos. Therefore he despairs, and looks upon mankind as dirty and bestial. Gulliver is not alone in this, as we know. It is easy for one to fall into Plato's or some one else's more or less honied head, and forget that he is a man, not a beast. There have been other martyrs to false understanding of humanity.

The fact that Gulliver calls even the Brobdingnagians Yahoos is of no importance. Swift did not, any more than he lived in the stable with the horses. Gulliver was delivered over to more than his mind could grasp, and called all sorts of people all sorts of things.

Of infinitely less importance is the fact that the female Yahoo mistook Gulliver for one of her own kind. Monkeys in zoos are sometimes unduly impressed by human visitors; and yet we should hesitate to call our ladies monkeys. The Yahoo intelligence was limited.

The very fact that Swift lets Gulliver get confused, without being confused himself, is enough to establish the power of Swift's writing. If others will insist on doing what Swift took pains to avoid—namely, taking Gulliver seriously—there is nothing to be done about it.

Perhaps it is Mr. Bonner, and not Mr. Nock, who should be reminded that "Gulliver's Travels" is a satire. The characters in a satire must not be taken as literally expressing the private pet ideas of the author. When Gulliver talks, he is talking for Gulliver: Swift is pretty well able to take care of himself.

University of Munich.

S. A. NOCK.

Kenneth Grahame

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I was deeply grateful to read in a recent issue of the New York *Herald Tribune* a reprint, from the London *Times*, of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's rarely beautiful tribute to Kenneth Grahame, who is truly "a child and a king."

An editorial writer in the *Herald Tribune* wistfully said that "it was as if a certain warmth had gone out of the world" when our beloved playmate seemed to leave us. We take heart, however, in the sure understanding that nothing "goes out" in the immortal dwelling place which, in the joy and loveliness of an eternal Springtide, belongs to Kenneth Grahame.

It was in the springtime when I first met him, when, in answer to a wire, I found myself stepping out of a London train and on to the station platform of the village of Didcot (near Oxford). The platform suddenly disappeared, I found myself in "The Golden Age" facing "The Roman Road," and I began "a-building" . . . in a dream city where no limitations were imposed, and one was sole architect with a free hand. Down a delectable street of cloud-built palaces I was mentally pacing, when I happened upon the Artist." There he stood, and "he was very straight and tall and the sunset was in his hair . . . as he stood there high over me."

I never lost my first impression of the shy, gentle, ineffably tender, quaintly humorous, great-hearted, childlike man, who lived in a world of his own creation with, at that time, shepherds as his closest visible companions. As I write I see before me a copy of his Sargent portrait, inscribed "To Kitty Cheatham, in memory of Blewbury — sheep dogs — roses — 1911 —1912. From Kenneth Grahame."

He drove the high cart that took us to the village of Blewbury where, with his devoted wife and adored young son, he lived in the old world cottage near the down that he loved so well. All was peaceful, lovely, and entirely innocent of modern ways. What beautiful long walks we took interrupted by unforgetable visits to the gentle shepherd who would tell us wonder tales of his flock. Well do I remember one blustering late afternoon when we dropped in to find a wee lambkin on the hearth which had been brought home in the shepherd's arms. The soothing, watchful care brought a picture of another great Scot—the babe Walter Scott—gaining infant strength among the sheep and lambs in a shepherd's fold.

Kenneth Grahame's characteristic generosity and helpfulness were expressed in the sending of some thrilling verses for my first children's book. They were accompanied by the earnest plaint that "they are not very good. . . better drop them into the wastepaper basket, which, by the way, no hotel possesses." In the final words of this particular letter which brought them, he writes reminiscently:

> The gentle shepherd and his wife were greatly pleased by your sending—we have not seen it yet, but the shepherdess called to tell us . . . . Jack, the bob-tailed sheep dog, is evidently flattered too, and carried his bog tail with an added air of distinction. . . . Poor Jack! I always feel I have known him longest of the three, because, when I first came into these parts, and used to meet master and dog on the roads, Zephaniah would slip by, silently, in his shy, shepherdy way, but Jack would linger behind a moment, leap upon me for a swift lick, and then scurry timidly after his master, for sheepdogs are very severely disciplined hereabouts. Perhaps we all ought to serve a term of two years or so as sheep dogs on the downs—and then we should be better men and women. . . . You are quite right in all you say in your letter . . . the City is . . . there all the time, only waiting 'till one rides up the road and over the drawbridge.

In humility, with yearning eyes on the goal, we are marching on to meet and salute our valiant Knight, on the "Knight's Road" (where I love best to meet him) as "he rides up the High Street of The Golden City," with the sunlight flashing and playing on his helmet and shield. Yes, Great Heart, we are on The Road, riding straight ahead. We've found the way there. "I'll look out for you, and you'll sing as soon as you see me."

New York City.

KITTY CHEATHAM.

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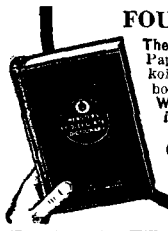

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

At Sea, Bound East.

ONE of the advantages in coming back early in September is that the sea is likely to be on its best behavior, laying up merit against the equinoctial tantrum. Everyone spends the days in the sun, and the deck is dappled with blue—the sea-gull jackets of Priestley's "Faraway" (Harper), apparently the favorite steamer reading. A good choice, too, though helped by the title and this very blue jacket, for in a deck-chair one scarcely notices that the material for one good short story has been spun out to some six hundred pages, and lazily enjoys talk that, if not equal to the talk in peerless "Angel Pavement," is at least continuously entertaining.

Reading at a devouring rate, my own choice for shipboard fiction is always on the long side; this time it is "Inheritance," the best work yet of Phyllis Bentley, a young woman in whose work I have been taking a steadily growing interest. It is a three-generation novel compared abroad with the "Forsyte Saga" but moving in less fashionable circles—the weaving world of Yorkshire, manufacturers and men from the first Luddite riots against labor-saving machinery to the present day, all in the chronicle of one family of the weaving aristocracy. Nothing could be more appropriate than its appearance just as this last Lancashire strike makes one more of these embattled efforts against the future, and I strongly recommend it to those who would place the struggles and changes of this year against their true historic background and so get understanding of them. In most three-generation novels the tide of vitality steadily ebbs; here it steadily rises, producing a curiously bracing effect on the reader.

I saved for the voyage James Laver's "Nymph Errant," a summer sensation of London, on which I see Mr. Knopf expects to do very well. It has indeed three separate chances of as many kinds of success; it will be bought because it it amusingly improper; it will be read with admiration for the masterly manner in which this delicate material is handled; it will be remembered because the truth on which this comedy-fantasia is based is deeply disconcerting. Then there is the latest Wodehouse of course, and advance copies of English detective stories, of which the best is a Gollancz production, "The Murderer of Sleep"; I don't know who is publishing it for us, but he has a winner. My copy of the English edition of "Jenny Newstead," Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's latest, reached me just too late to come aboard; I look forward to comparing it in the American edition (Putnam) with its preliminary sketch, the first version that Mrs. Lowndes published in a London evening newspaper with a colossal circulation. "Jenny Newstead"—which makes a sinister curve around the Brides in the Bath murders just as "The Kodger" implied a more ghastly series of crimes—made me buy the paper each day at the earliest possible moment. One day I asked for it from the man who sells papers just by the London Pavilion, where the No. 19 bus stops for Piccadilly Circus at one of the most crowded corners in the British Empire. "It ain' got the serial, mum," said he. "That's in the Home Edition—comes out in an hour. So many gets it for this serial I wouldn't want you to be disappointed."

And all this makes reading matter enough for five days of sunshine on a ship with rainbows in her teeth instead of the metaphorical bone.

London, I am happy to report, has changed in nineteen months only for the better; there are more colored lights in the evening, brighter shop-fronts everywhere in the day. Above all, there is more cheerfulness in the crowd—far more than in the New York crowd. London seems to have faced square to the facts, decided that it may as well be getting on with it, and settled to this task with a special type of cheerfulness reserved by the British for such occasions. Undoubtedly the chaps that raised Stonehenge wore this same solid smile when they put their shoulders to the monoliths and heaved. Everyone who is able to get a job is paying a quarter of it back to the government and getting dividends in the thought that thus the workless won't be permitted quite to starve. The harder the times, the kinder everyone seems to grow, especially poor folks. If I should ever be alone and lonely in London I would go out and get lost, just lost enough to have to ask my way. In two minutes I would have established a genuine, heart-warming human contact; someone would have taken pains to do me a favor, and show me by voice and manner that he wished me well. We have learned to expect that from London policemen, but you can get it now from any passing stranger, any group of workmen, on Saffron Hill or Piccadilly, at Sloane Square or Paul's Churchyard. This good humor makes the city a sort of rest cure for Americans in this year when America at last is learning what life has been like for so long in Europe.

Otherwise the look of London has changed mainly in the few and fair new buildings. Some of these appear in strongholds of the past, so that the oldest inhabitant would lose his way in the neighborhood of Berkeley Square or the Baker Street Tube Station. More often the new architecture has already wiped out the memory of what stood there before it. One may have kept some notion of the Hotel Cecil from photographs of the stretch of the embankment where now the Shell-Mex building flashes white against the sky, but who cares what stood where now stands the mighty Unilever House, curving in stately deference to the curve of the stream, or what made room for the finest English building of the new generation—the glorious mass of the British Broadcasting Company's offices at the top of Regent Street, with Eric Gill's carvings pointing its purpose?

In an English summer like this, rich in sunshine of which everyone hastens to make the most, I took to the road—in Shropshire and Somerset and Devon, in Wales and Worcestershire, along the Severn and the Wye, the Arrow and the Avon, soft, brimming streams ideal for "messing about in boats." I have even spent it taxiing on the Thames, for, largely owing to the efforts of A. P. Herbert to make London as river-minded as it was in the days of the penny steamer boats, the public has discovered that it is possible to get to business by water more swiftly than by land, and dashes up and down the Thames in power-boats. This is one example of the pulling power of a letter to the *Times* by a popular London writer; one even more striking was the appeal of A. A. Milne on behalf of slum children left out when vacation funds would stretch no further. In his very best vein he briefly made it clear how many would be disappointed if additional subscriptions were not at once received; next day the King and Queen sent an extra cheque, implying, also in a letter to the *Times*, that they thanked Mr. Milne for calling their attention, etc. Within a week three thousand pounds had somehow been found in these depleted London pocketbooks and sent to the fund. "Never seen the sea?" You could fairly hear the British breakfast table saying it—and taking count of what might be spared from family provisions for a fortnight in September. And if you want to know what *that* means in England, Mr. Sherriff's novel "The Fortnight in September" (Stokes) is as good in its own way as his "Journey's End."

H. C. E., Hartford, Conn., who learned from this column about Coulter's "Old France," asks if anything like it has been done separately for Burgundy. He is making a trip to France and will probably spend most of his time cycling in Burgundy. "I will be with gourmets, so it's primarily local history or biography on which I would like a steer, but anything will be appreciated." I do not know of a separate history in English, but there is a splendid reconstruction of a brilliant period in Otto Cartellieri's "The Court of Burgundy" (Knopf), one of the History of Civilization series describing the magnificence of the kingdom of Burgundy under John the Fearless, Philip the Good, and Charles the Bold. It is beautifully illustrated, and of course authoritative as a study of medieval society. "Picturesque Old France," by H. B. Turner (Little, Brown), is a travel book beginning at Havre and going by way of Normandy and Burgundy to the Mediterranean, with many pictures. A university town in contemporary Burgundy is the scene of "Brief Hour," by H. du Coudray (Dodd, Mead), a young author of whose future much may be confidently expected. She won with her first novel, "Another Country," an English literary prize of some prominence, and seems steadily working toward a high place in the appreciation of thoughtful critics.

J. W. G., Gloversville, N. Y., asks on behalf of a study club wishing to become better acquainted with our own country, for books that will give them a general and not too detailed survey. They have J. T. Adams's "Epic of America" (Little, Brown) and Walter Lippmann's "America and World Affairs" (Harper), and wish six more. "Columbus Came Late," by Gregory Mason (Century), will begin this survey at the beginning, so far as the most recent archæological efforts have been able to reach it; it shows how high the civilization of the Mayas, the Incas, and the Aztecs had gone before history. Taking for granted that the group will have already included the earlier works of Mr. Adams, I suggest Arthur Hobson Quinn's sweep of the field in "The Soul of America" (University of Pennsylvania), and the unusual viewpoint taken by Bernard De Voto in "Mark Twain's America" (Little, Brown), which shows how his books issue from American life and what were the conditions under which he—and the country—grew up. Both of these are quite new. The recently published composite volume, "America Faces the Future" (Houghton Mifflin), is edited by Charles A. Beard and includes articles by well-known public men in the need for sound planning in these days of crisis. The history, "The Early Far West," by W. J. Ghent (Longmans, Green), is a valuable aid to understanding of the conditions of exploration and settlement of land west of the Mississippi; it is also unusually good for reference. A study club devoting its season to the history of the frontier—and no more interesting program, it seems to me, could engage the attention of an American history class—should send for "Romance of the Western Frontier," a study outline by Fletcher Melvin Green, one of the admirable series issued as extension bulletins by the University of North Carolina (fifty cents each). I have often recommended these study outlines, which are made out in detail for practical group use, but really this one seems to me the best yet, good reading all by itself.

The same group wishes a history of New York; an inexpensive and interesting little one is in the American Commonwealth Series issued by Houghton Mifflin, "New York," by Ellis Henry Roberts; this goes from the Dutch colonization to 1903.

A. H. H., St. Paul, Minn., refers to President Butler's characterization of Washington as an excellent example of a well-integrated personality achieved by so ordering his mind and conduct as to make the most of his talents, and wishes to know which of the biographies of Washington reveal his development as a personality, in this light. I believe that the best one will be that of Rupert Hughes and that though his "George Washington" (Morrow) is yet unfinished its three volumes, going the better part of the way, already show this orderly and directed development, as they deal with his life as a whole and not in any of its special fields.

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Trade Winds

By W. S. H.—for P. E. G. QUERCUS

CALIFORNIA NOTES. II

DAWSON'S Bookshop, which has supplied, I imagine, quite a few of the rarities held in front of my eyes at the Huntington Library, arrived in Los Angeles twenty-seven years ago. It arrived in a more complete and modern sense with the issuance of its Catalogue LXXX, in 1931. This excellent list of rare books was printed at the Grabhorn Press. Good, but not unique. "With a foreword by A. Edward Newton," made as far as I am concerned, Dawson's "arrive." A frontispiece in aquatone catches the inimitable A. E. N. in the act of telling Mr. Dawson something about one of his (Mr. D's) books. Miss Kelly is looking on, impressed.

"I always wanted to own a bookshop; had that been my good fortune it would have been such a shop as Dawson's. . . ."

High praise, and from an expert. A visit to Dawson's, one glance at the tables, the shelves, proves it praise not too high.

In April, 1930, Ernest Dawson celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his shop with Catalogue No. 66. He wrote his own foreword to this one, a short history of his career as bibliopole with a few crisp sentences on his rather unorthodox methods of book-selling. "I am strong for quick turnover," for one. Excellent, I should say for the bookshop, but apt to be disturbing to volumes not accustomed to being moved about too often. Anyway, I much enjoyed my several visits to 627 South Grand Ave., revelled in the too brief chats with Miss Kelly and Mr. Yale, regretted missing the genial proprietor (on vacation), and appreciated not being asked to write a foreword or have my picture taken.

Los Angeles has a Public Library that I know must be good because it rates only three tiny lines in the jolly old *Hotel Greeter's Guide* (which doesn't even mention the Huntington Library). The building is just being completed, but it was crowded each time I went in, and I was glad to see so many people happily unaware of movies. I do hope they weren't all busy on scenarios. The murals in the rotunda were getting their few last touches. Dean Cornwell is the artist, and, while I saw them only through the scaffolding, still I wished that he had stuck to advertising art. Matter of fact, in his series I couldn't help thinking he had. And why must murals be clothed in shades of ladies' negligées, instead of something a little more robust?

I hope the library won't overlook placing a copy of the *Hotel Greeters' Guide* in its permanent collection. It's a choice bit of Californiana with a happy knack of boosting a lot of things which in a few years will be simply—Californiana. On the other hand, one may find in it, without trying hard, some nuggets of lively information. As, for instance, under Beauty Spots, commenting on Gay's Lion Farm: "The lions raised here are far superior to those imported from African jungles." File under *Climate*.

Death loses practically all its sting on page 28, where invalids about ready to get away from it all may read that Greeter Ivy H. Overholtzer awaits their arrival at 1719 So. Flower St., with, for males I suppose, a "Lady Attendant." Ivy appears again on the second page of the Olympic Games Supplement, this time with a Private Ambulance in black-face type. Reassurance for pole-vault and marathon contestants. I'd better leave the *Guide* for the city proper, which it damns on every page with sickening over-praise.

Wednesday. Thought it high time I saw something of the surrounding country so took a trolley to Hollywood. A forty-minute ride along Hollywood Boulevard for ten cents. First stop, the Satyr Bookshop on Vine St. Now I don't know why, but I always had the idea that Hollywood didn't have any bookstores. When I found out it had, it seemed incongruous, like the Christians living in ancient Rome, or the Germans in America during the late war. Well, here for one was a real bookstore. I knew it for a real one because the shelves ran so high I could only imagine what the topmost books were. But I saw one of those nice long ladders on wheels and took a ride past a landscape of books. Then I came down to meet Mr. Gordon. I wondered whether any of the Famous Folk bought books. Well I should say they do. Tom Mix, for instance, is one of the shop's best customers—he's a serious student of Western history and buys every good book on the subject.

That slight breath of movie atmosphere suggested a visit to one of the studios, but I hadn't the slightest idea how to proceed, where to go. I waited obediently for the traffic bell and walked up to a policeman. "How do I get to Warner Bros.?" A trolley to Cahuenga Boulevard, then a bus to Burbank. A long series of low, red-brick buildings with a background of blue hills and nothing else in sight—that is the Warner Studio. I was no sooner off the bus and trusting to my legs to get me to the entrance than I noticed they were wobbly. Stagefright. I finally opened the door and walked in. No, to a bright young lady, I had no appointment, I wasn't even sure what I wanted and had no idea whom to see. I was ushered in to Mr. L's antechamber still shivering and wondering why the young lady was not more beautiful. I imagined that Inside these places they were all winners. I sat down in an encompassing leather chair and looked at the other waitees. I wished I was Daumier for the men, Zuloaga for the women. *They* were something like! Mr. L was evidently short and snappy in his interviews for my turn came soon and in five minutes I was out in the road again, looking for the bus back. Well, it seems there wasn't anything happening on the lot but in three weeks there would be. I took a snapshot of the place and noticed my hands still shook. And I thought maybe I shouldn't have taken my camera along. Made me look like a competitor. But I'd use the picture, if it was good, as a frontispiece to a book I now thought I could do—"In and Out of the Studios." I'll use it if it isn't good.

After that I felt I could stand an old-fashioned. An old-fashioned book-chat. I wanted the sure, safe company of books again. So I made for the Hollywood Book Store, Hollywood Blvd., right across the street from the Hollywood Hotel. I have read, long ago in the P. W., a description of this shop. I recalled too, the accompanying illustration. One look around proved, in this case at least, the ineptness of the camera in showing a book-store. I acquired a customer-status by buying a small book, then eased into a bit of light chatter with Mr. Grant about world wide economic conditions, gradually working back to Hollywood, and did Greta Garbo ever come in. No she didn't but Clara Bow did. She's not a collector, a book-collector; she just pops in, buys what looks good, and hurries out. Joan Crawford is another good customer; so is Jean Hersholt who has one of the most extensive first edition collections in the movie colony. Just bought a "Moby Dick." (You'll not mind my not saying "*he* just bought" or "*she* just bought." I'm ashamed to confess I don't know Jean's gender. And I was ashamed to ask.)

Diagonally across the street is the real High Cathedral of the Moving Picture. The more important pictures are launched at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in a Grand première (once Grauman's Egyptian was the place where crowds greeted the films at the beginning of their great careers. Now it's closed, empty, and looks like ancient Egypt with a vengeance). The building proper (of the Chinese T.) is set well back from the street, permitting a generous court. How I ever missed hearing about the pavement of this court-yard, even with my slight reading and intercourse, I can't imagine. It's pure Hollywood; it's delightful. The hand- and foot-prints of each of the stars are impressed into the pavement. Each has his or her own square. To give you the idea "May this cement our friendship" is written (with a pointed stick probably) and signed by Joan Crawford, 9-14-29. Then to show she was literally on the spot she spread her dainty little fingers and laid her hands into the wet surface. Next she stood in the square, for there are the prints of her shoes. It must have been lots of fun; I suppose the more acrobatic guests made the hands and feet impression in one operation, Douglas Fairbanks for instance. His shoes, by the way, looked enormous, especially after the two miniature spots made by Gloria Swanson. Ann Harding endures in concrete as "Always to Sid" [Grauman] and it is either in her space or Gloria's that I noticed a bleeding heart pierced with an arrow. Bill Hart, than whose feet only Fairbanks's are bigger, must have arrived *en costume* for added to his signature are two long-barrelled six-shooters, crossed. Tom Mix stepped on in his cowboy shoes—the heel prints aren't much bigger than Gloria's. He found room also for a pair of horseshoes. Lots of others are there too, but I don't want to make this a catalogue. While I was having my book, two middle-aged matrons were fitting, or trying to fit their feet, in the various impressions. Cinderella 1932. I put my feet in the horseshoes.

W. S. H.

Under Your Hat

Who is the corpulent publisher who distressed his friends all Summer by habitually falling asleep while floating in Long Island Sound?

— I. S. S.

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DOES any PUBLISHER, author's agent or printer need an executive with a little capital? Woman in early thirties, nine years publishing ending as secretary of corporation, is looking for chance with young and progressive (but solvent) firm. Address Box No. 69, c/o *Saturday Review.*

RED FLANNELS—Haven't heard from you in ages. Hope you are well. SALLY.

FOR RENT—Unfurnished, one year or more, "Crestcot," home of the late Mrs. H. L. Congdon, cor. East Palisade Ave. and Summit St., Englewood, large house, 3 baths, 2 car garage, extensive lawns and garden. Reasonable terms. P. O. Box 647, Englewood, New Jersey.

ADAPTABLE young man needs job during struggle to complete swell biography. Box 83, c/o *Saturday Review.*

FOR RENT, sunny apartment on East 86th Street. Furnished in good taste. Large living room with fireplace, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, and kitchen. $150. a month for one year or longer. Phone Mr. Dowsing, Regent 4-7597.

YOUNG MAN, experienced tutor, university graduate, available October, best references. Write Virginian, *Saturday Review.*

SOME ENTERPRISE could use services of presentable young man. Compensation or location immaterial. Handicapped by eight years of college, partly offset by foreign travel and literary experience. QUIXOTIC, c/o *Saturday Review.*

CONNECTION desired: male (36), twelve successful years Interior Decorations and Architecture. Avocation—writing. Excellent background. Wife and two children. Aptitude for Advertising—Publishing—Publicity. Salary secondary. Address—Charter Subscriber.

DEAR DOCTOR ROSENBACK: You say: "I sniff the air like an old war horse at the smell of powder." You say: "I felt I could sniff forgeries as a dog follows a scent."

Sniff again Doctor Rosenback and snuff out the sniffling sniffers that sniff at your story of your unique "Faerie Queene" inscribed, perhaps sniffingly, hey Doc?, by Edmund Spenser to Elizabeth Boyle. Please excuse my sniff. Doc. as I recall that Marcellus sniffed in Denmarke. George Frisbee.

WILL EXCHANGE—For six months beginning November fifteenth—studio cottage at La Jolla, California, for centrally located small apartment in New York City. Cottage has studio living room, balcony bedroom with twin beds, bath, kitchenette, garage, garden—completely furnished; near beach. References exchanged. Details and photographs on request. Artist, c/o *Saturday Review.*

PUGS. If you have read A. S. M. Hutchinson's latest novel BIG BUSINESS concerning seven Pug dogs, and really desire a Pug guaranteed with wrinkles, and twist tail but no wheezes (modern generation does not wheeze), get in touch with me. Mrs. Sarah Waller, Sigvale Kennels, Libertyville, Illinois.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE have received a large green card from *Alvah C. Bessie*, the well-known translator, critic, and short story writer, which shows a bearded man —Bessie himself—scratching a bewildered head against a background of Vermont mountains, while next him sits his placid wife with *Daniel Bessie*, 6½ lbs., August 28th, upon her lap. But the interesting thing about the wood-cut is that under the place-name, Londonderry, Vt., "July" was originally printed, July 1932. Yet to Daniel, though slightly belated, we raise our glass, because we know few people who are punctual after all. . . .

We are glad to see a very good poem, and that on a very good subject—"Tom Mooney"—by *Lola Ridge* in a recent *Nation*. She goes to the core of the matter:

Now they—who wrote you plain, with
Sacco and the fish-monger and Ella
Wiggins, on the scroll of the Republic—
Look up with a muddled irritation at your
mass face—
It set up in full sight under the long
Gaze of the generations, to be there,
Haggard in the sunrise, when San Quen-
tin
Prison shall be caved in and its steel ribs
Food for the ant rust . . . and Governor
Rolph
A fleck of dust among the archives.

On the twenty-third Dodd, Mead will publish *Martha Ostenso's* new novel, "Prologue to Love," set in the sheep-raising country of the Kamloops Valley in British Columbia. . . .

One writing from England to the Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* supplies the following information which we are allowed to transmit to you:

> My experience with the theatres has been frankly disappointing, although I have gone out of my way to see everything even vaguely promising. Of all the twenty shows I saw in London, only one, "Musical Chairs," had any serious excuse for being. It's a curious situation: most of the houses are open, the audiences are fairly large, every one thinks and talks theatre with an enthusiasm almost completely lost in America now. But the result seems wholly superficial: spectacular costume musicals, no end of well-staged operattas, a few trivial comedies, and a lot of good acting wasted on inconsequential plays. *Edith Evans's* new one is a case in point: a perfect achievement in direction and acting lavished on *Beverley Nichols's* creaking opus about *Nellie Melba*. *Barry Jackson's* experiments with the classics at Malvern have been the most satisfying things I've found here. You could hardly believe that the most serious and moving performance I've seen in England has been his revival of *Sothern's* version of *Aphra Behn's* "Oroonoko"! His production of *Fielding's* "Tom Thumb" made the old things seem more amusing than the best of *Gilbert* and *Sullivan*, and he had the temerity to stage a *Boucicault* play straight—with astounding success. But I feel skeptical of the theatre when it takes such complete refuge in acting and staging.
>
> I met *Edward Doro* in the Haymarket one afternoon and spent several days with him. His book (of poems) was published in Paris in the Spring and he has been living for several months at Rye with *Conrad Aiken*. He leaves shortly for California via Australia. The *Sitwell* influence at Oxford is phenomenal at the moment. The cult has organized a Sitwell Society, and at one of their meetings I met *Osbert* and heard him read some new things of his,—which seemed distinctly unimpressive.

Lawrence Clark Powell writes us from Dijon, France concerning the radio, and we think it well worth while communicating what he has to say:

> For two years I've been spared American radio programs, but the other night London diffused a program from New York; I have not yet recovered from the depression induced by its banality, cheapness, etc., etc. From a recent bit in the "Phœnix Nest" and your review of *J. P. McEvoy's* book I see that you too have been driven to desperation. Can there not be organized some sort of movement for reform in radio? I for one would give of my time and money to help exterminate "your announcer." Surely there are many others.
>
> Happily, for me, European air is quick with fine programs; I have become particularly fond of the Swiss and British stations, neither of which "abrutir" their listeners with commercial publicity. . . . For a month now Vienna has been broadcasting the Salzburg Festival programs, *sans* program notes, thank God. The gaps between numbers—and this is true of most European stations—are filled with—silence. We are plagued neither by gossip of the composer nor by "your announcer's" three minute analysis of the ninth Symphony. The best stations over here are casual, laconic, free from ballyhoo or any suggestion of it, devoted in the main to supplying musical programs unspoiled by advertising of cheap wares or by pseudo-cultural analyses. In the winter it is not uncommon to have, several times a week, whole operas from Rome and La Scala, the four hour sequences of which are punctuated only between acts by station announcements, name of opera and cast, and once during the evening, news bulletin. Ever since I've had my set, ten o'clock Saturday night has brought a half-hour of *Chopin* from Warsaw, announced only by key and opus number of the pieces played. *Radio Wien* is also proud of *Mozart*. Although I read that *Puccini* dominates European air, there is enough Mozart played to swing the balance in favor of Music.
>
> Of course, one advantage over here is the great diversity of programs and languages: announcements in Swedish and the Slavic tongues are part of the music, and if they're advertising beeswax or bootpolish, this listener, for one, is blissfully unaware of the fact.
>
> Under separate cover I am sending you a week's European program, so you can see for yourself that one has much to choose from. Keep up your firing at the wretched and degenerate state of American broadcasting (exceptions granted); you have my whole sympathy.

In regard to that famous novel "The Fountain," by *Charles Morgan*, we are interested to note that *Alfred A. Knopf* has this to say in his new Fall catalogue. "The Fountain" is now in its one hundredth thousand in America.

MORITURUS TE SALUTO!

For, so far as the author of *The Fountain* goes, I am about to die. Nay—I died in January when, giving me no inkling of what he was about, he signed a contract with another publisher for his future work.

I mention this now because many people, knowing the facts, have wondered at the advertising campaign—expensive and enthusiastic, with which I have backed *The Fountain*. True, I thus benefit the amiable competitor who is to follow me as Mr. Morgan's publisher, but even more, I think, I benefit the art of letters and the profession of bookselling and serve the American book-reading public which for more than fifteen years has backed so generously—most of the time—my sincerest enthusiasms. The argument of the man versus the artist will go on, I guess, forever. My duty has been to Charles Morgan the artist.

Histomap, Inc., 43 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois, has now got out "The Histomap of Evolution," arranged by *John B. Sparks*, ten thousand million years of evolution on a single page! "From flaming planet to modern man!" A novel accordion fold permits this histomap to be read and handled as easily as any magazine. It is fascinating. It will be a most educational thing to have in the home. It may also be purchased from Rand McNally & Company, 536 South Clark Street, Chicago. . . .

We note from *A. McG.* of New York City that *Norman Klein*, author of that mystery novel, "No! No! The Woman!" may be added to our list of fictioneers who have emerged from New York advertising agencies. He is now on a New York afternoon paper. . . .

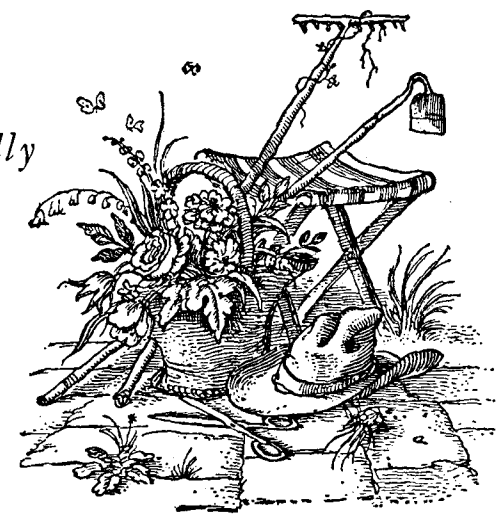
The *Padraic Colums* have left Paris for Toulon, where Padraic is working on a number of books, among them a novel, and a new volume of travel. He may shortly go to Ireland to hunt up material. His book, "A Half Day's Ride," is just published by Macmillan. And delightful it is! . . .

Silhouettes, 303 Rosewood Court, Ontario, California, has *James Neill Northe* for editor and is issued quarterly at thirty-five cents the copy—one dollar a year. It is concentrating upon the idea of good poetry in good form, not barring free verse.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH

The most delightfully different garden book ever written!



THIS is the book of garden adventures which abroad has ranked as a popular best seller right along with "Faraway," "Without My Cloak" and other novels.

It's the story of what happened when the distinguished young author of "Evensong" suddenly bought an old cottage and, armed with a seed catalogue, set out to become a gardener.

One American reviewer—on the Louisville *Times*—broke the release date of the book to write: "It has no plot, but it entranced us like *The Diary of a Provincial Lady*. Anyone possessed of a sense of humor will clasp the book to his breast with real delight, and then dash out and buy endless copies to give to others. Of course, if he is a gardener as well, he will dash out all the more quickly."

The Garden Club of America feels the same way about it. Its *Bulletin* advises:

"Beg, borrow or steal a copy—but get it at once!"

You'll enjoy this "floral autobiography" yourself, and if you want a lovely gift, here's your book. Rex Whistler, whose wrapper for "Broome Stages" won so much attention, contributes a wrapper and illustrations in a gay, rather 18th Century manner.

Down the Garden Path
BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS
$2.50 All Bookstores. *Doubleday, Doran*

Meet Miss Albino, organizer of an Italian S. P. C. A., who took out her romantic yearnings in coming to the rescue of a belabored mule.

"A worthy successor to SOUTH WIND at long last."
—TERENCE HOLLIDAY

Love came to the English residents of the Hotel Santo Biagio without warning. They had come to Italy for every conceivable reason except to find love, but it lay in wait for all of them. The Professor could orate for hours on his theories of passion, but his audience was far more interested in the laboratory work. If Norman Douglas or Aldous Huxley had ever encountered the Hotel Santo Biagio and its ill-assorted inhabitants, he might have written just such a novel as this. "Glorious."—DAVID GARNETT. "A really good funny book, witty, wicked."—L. A. G. STRONG.

THEY WINTER ABROAD
by James Aston

the pseudonym for an author who has already been "identified" in England as Evelyn Waugh, Richard Hughes, Norman Douglas, David Garnett, Eric Linklater, Aldous Huxley and others. $2.50

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